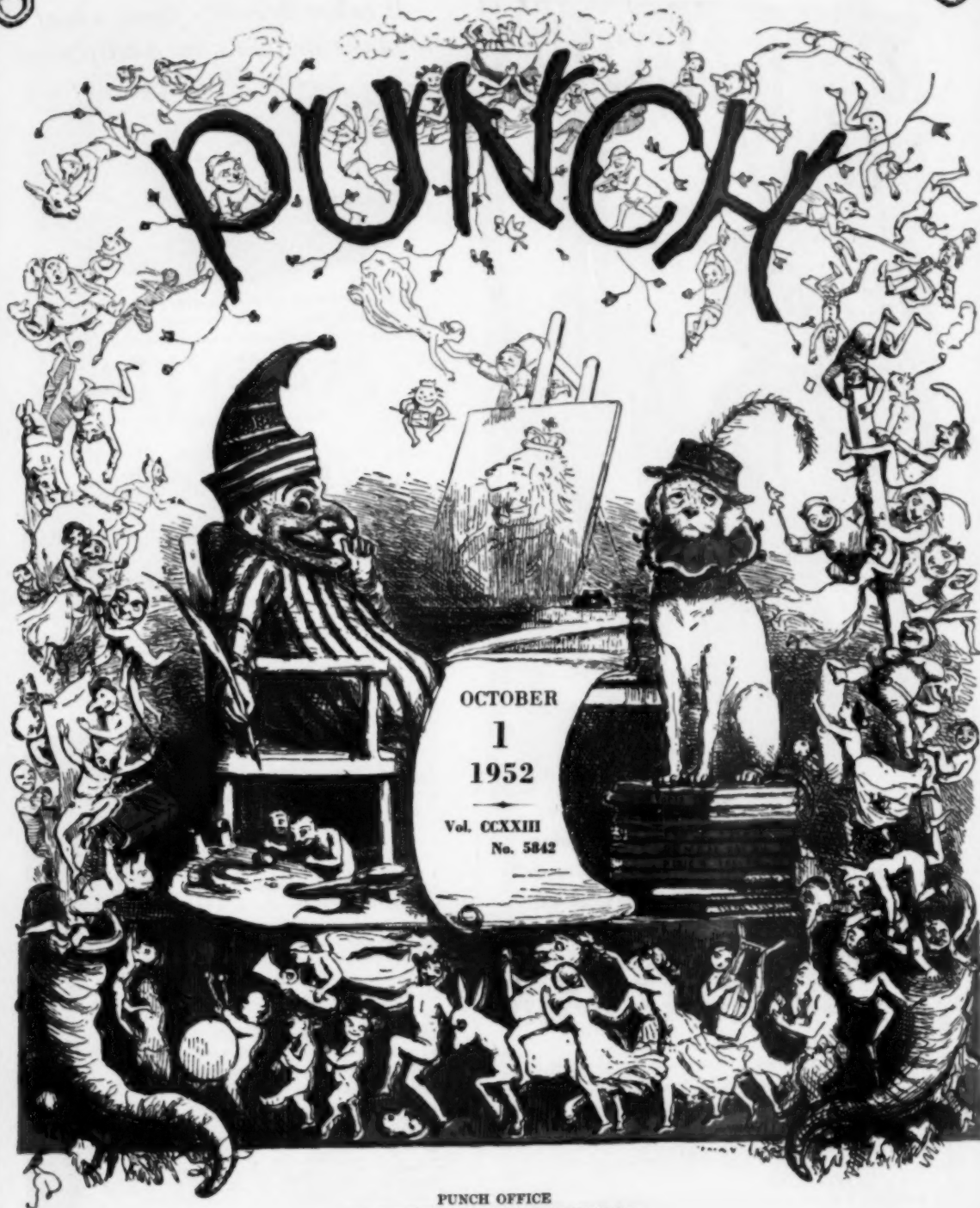


6<sup>p</sup>

6<sup>p</sup>



PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



Every day is a  
sunny day when  
Merriecolour decks  
your casements

Grafton  
**"MERRIECOLOUR"**

"MERRIECOLOUR" is such a practical fabric.  
All cotton, reversible, 48" wide, guaranteed  
fadeless and fully warp shrunk. A choice of de-  
lightful designs is now in your furnishing store.

(TAX FREE)

F. W. GRAFTON & CO LTD. ST. JAMES'S BUILDINGS - OXFORD STREET - MANCHESTER 1

*It takes Britain's finest wheat  
to make Britain's finest crispbread*



The world's best wheat grows in Britain and into MACVITA goes only  
Britain's finest wheat. That is why MACVITA is so delicious in  
flavour, so rich in nourishment, so entirely delightful to eat alone.

**MACVITA**

Made only by NFVitie & Price Ltd.



By Appointment  
Bread Manufacturers  
to His Majesty George VI.  
NFVitie & Price Ltd.



EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER



### ***Ships Ahoy!***

A gas-turbine vessel has crossed the Atlantic.  
An atomic submarine can travel up to 2,400  
miles without surfacing. We look back to the  
man in the crow's-nest and forward to . . .  
what? Ships without funnels, flat as the horizon?  
Ships without screws? Ships without crews?  
Naval architects and marine engineers have interests  
nearer to hand which sound more prosaic — the future  
of aluminium construction, for example. So has T.I.  
But as new principles of propulsion, new speeds and new  
capacities spring their demands upon engineering  
ability, T.I. will be ready, as now, with many of the  
new component parts.

#### **T.I.'s FIFTY-ONE FACTORIES SERVE THE WORLD\***

\* Precision tubes — tubular components — wrought aluminium —  
bicycles — electrical equipment and appliances — high pressure  
cylinders — mechanical handling — metal sections — bus body skeletons  
— gland packings — tubular furniture — paints — road signs.

TYNE INVESTMENTS LIMITED, THE ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2. (TRAFALGAR 9833)



Now is the economical time to buy  
**EARLYWARM**  
 all wool WITNEY BLANKETS  
 and safeguard comfort and health

The new wool prices emphasise that you will be very wise to buy Earlywarm all wool Blankets NOW. Economically priced, these truly lovely and luxurious Blankets have been made in the heart of Oxfordshire since the days of Charles II. They are 100% pure wool, odourless, colourfast against sun and washing—the perfect product of 280 years' experience of Blanket weaving.

'Warmth-without-weight' is their special secret, so remember — when you buy Earlywarm you're choosing the best that money can buy, not only for yourself and your children but for your grandchildren as well!

In white, striped or delicate pastel shades. Cot and full sized Blankets finished with whipped ends or ribbon binding. All Blankets are moth proofed. Obtainable from all leading stores.

**EARLYWARM Cleaning and Refinishing Service.**  
 The ideal way to preserve the warmth and beauty of your Blankets.

# EARLYWARM

all wool  
 WITNEY BLANKETS



\* Chosen and cherished since  
 1689 in the days of Charles II.

An EARLY Product from Witney, Oxfordshire

## Certificate of Pedigree



This symbol sets the seal of authenticity on the unique Harris Tweed—unique in the geographic environment of the Crafters who hand weave it in the Islands of the Outer Hebrides from virgin Scottish Wool—unique in traditional excellence.

- ★ Look for the mark on the cloth
- ★ Look for the label on the garment



Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD

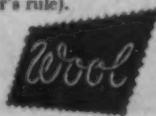
## Wise buyers know the age-old rule



The Dutch gave strings of beads, they say,  
 For what's Manhattan Isle today.

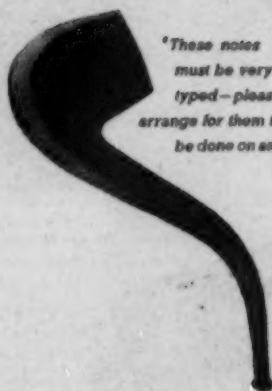
They knew a bargain, did the Dutch,  
 And that's why they wore Wool so much.  
 (In every age, "Buy Well, Buy Wool"  
 Has been the thrifty shopper's rule).

there is NO  
 substitute for



(Dictionary of American History states "In 1624 Peter Minuit, agent of the Dutch West India Company, bought the island from the Canaan Indians, for about \$24 worth of trinkets.")

British Olivetti Ltd 19 Barkley Square London W1  
Electric - Portable Typewriters - Printing Calculators - Adding/Logging Machines



*'These notes  
must be very neatly  
typed - please  
arrange for them to  
be done on an Olivetti.'*

.....

400-16



*The nose  
imperious  
demands*

# PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS

*Everyone knows them — Everyone knows they're good  
In white and colours. Men's 2/6, Women's 1/6 each*

**A TOOTAL GUARANTEED PRODUCT**

See Registered Trade Mark Label on every handkerchief



TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. 26 OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER 1

**OLD VIC**  
*for the Prince  
of Denmark*



*but*

**OLD  
ANGUS**

*is the Prince  
of Scotch Whisky*



*A Noble Scotch  
Blended for Commemoration*



*your feet must breathe*



*Real leather is healthy too...  
it's more supple. Only leather gives  
that soft, firm touch and comfort  
that's nothing like imitation.*

**Ask... is it REAL leather?**



# Smoke Wavy Navy



**Pure Navy Cut  
of Pre-War quality**

2 OZ. AIR-TIGHT TIN 9/-  
1 OZ. FOILED PACKET 4/6  
*Also ready rubbed*



**(Wavy Navy Cigarettes are for export only)**

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD MANUFACTURERS AND GUARANTORS



Townsbury Abbey and Old Mill.

**The highest standard in motoring . . .**

From Bristol, historic gateway of the West of England, with its wealth of natural beauty and centuries-long heritage of British craftsmanship, comes the "Bristol" two-litre car . . . a 20th century example of the quality and grace of British design and workmanship.



THE  **BRISTOL TYPE 401**

THE CAR DIVISION OF THE BRISTOL AIRCRAFT COMPANY LIMITED • FULTON HOUSE • BRISTOL  
BR/93

## Two famous British coats

### WARMTH WITHOUT WEIGHT

Aquascutum's Covert coat is relatively light but very warm. In all-wool covert cloth of pre-war quality, it is tremendously hard-wearing. To these assets Aquascutum add shower-proofing, to make an overcoat ready for all weathers. This good-looking coat is equally at home in town or country. Its slightly formal air is very popular with the younger generation, but seems also to suit their fathers admirably. The Covert is in various shades of fawn, grey, and ivory. It costs 13 guineas.

### AN ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND COAT!

The 'Scutum, on the right, is a showerproofed overcoat, designed to meet British weather in nearly all its moods. It is made of all-wool smooth-finish materials, in various designs and colours, many woven exclusively for Aquascutum by Crombie's. Thus, warm yet light, it is a handsome all-purpose coat for town or country. The versatile 'Scutum costs 16 gns. It is illustrated here in "Regent" style. You can choose your Aquascutum coat at 100 Regent Street, or at good men's shops throughout the country.

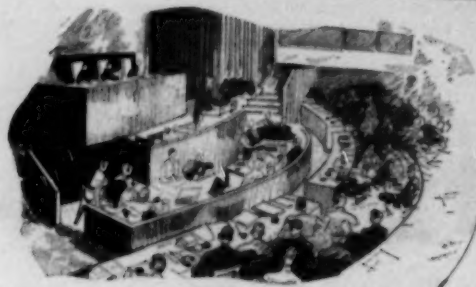
The Aquascutum label on any coat is an assurance of the finest material and craftsmanship. Aquascutum have gained their reputation by making nothing but the best for over 100 years.



**Aquascutum**  
OF REGENT STREET, No. 100

# MARCONI

## serves mankind



Marconi was a lone thinker who revolutionised communications by methods "the entire meaning of which no one before him had recognised." There is a great contrast between his crude copper-sheet aerial and the Marconi equipment which televises such programmes as the opening of the new House of Commons and the sessions of the United Nations. But there is also a great similarity—Marconi's tradition of service to mankind.

MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY LTD • MARCONI HOUSE • CHELMSFORD • ESSEX



Here's what Osram  
Lamps can boast  
Women ask for  
Osram most!

# Osram

THE WONDERFUL LIGHT

A GEC Product The General Electric Co. Ltd.



BY APPOINTMENT TO THE  
LATE KING GEORGE VI  
Charles H. Pugh Limited  
Hoist Lorry Mover Manufacturers

# ATCO OWNERS...

the best time to have your Atco serviced is *now*, during the Autumn, when you can spare the machine and your Atco Depot is less busy than it will be if you leave it till the Spring. So, please contact your Atco Depot Manager now. Your Atco Supplier, if you wish it, can put you in touch.



Have your **ATCO**  
serviced **now!**

CHARLES H. PUGH LTD., ATCO WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, 9

# Into the limelight

The shrewd advertiser, appraising his new campaign, judges it, before everything else, by its *brilliance*. For, lacking that quality, people are either going to slide past it, or be bored by it. And to that extent, the money spent on it goes down the drain.

Worse! — being dowdy and dated in its style, the implication can only be that the product advertised is likewise.

Crawfords, since the firm's foundation, have been deliberate exponents of brilliant contemporary - styled advertising. They have no part in the dimmed and dimming lights of worn-out techniques and prejudices—archaic name-blocks, trade-marks, packaging and other clichés.

Crawfords know — and their clients have proved them right — that the true genius (and the big profits) of advertising lies in leading and not in lagging, in looking forward rather than to the nostalgic irrelevancies of the past.

The immense changes in our ways and means of living, brought about mainly by science, have created a generation quite different from that of even thirty years ago. In every class there is a new sophistication, an impatience with anything that is 'old fogeyish'.

Woolly advertising is no good in a nylon age. Bring your advertising to Crawfords and have it vitalised into the fore-front of today's exciting world!

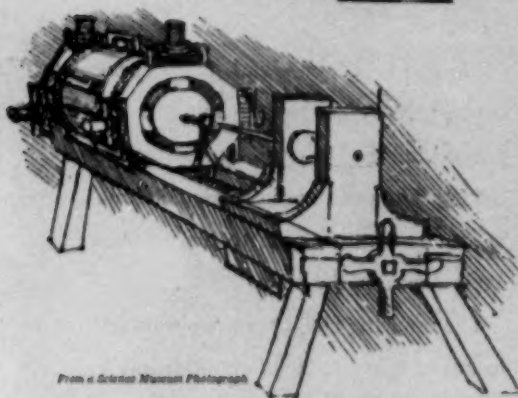
## Crawfords

CREATORS OF FAMOUS ADVERTISING

W. S. Crawford Ltd, 233 High Holborn, London W.C.1

## Powerless Genius - 2

400 years before they came into general use, Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) designed this boring machine with self-centring chucks.



From a Science Museum Photograph

The technical brilliance of Leonardo da Vinci was shackled to human muscles, water power and gravity. His genius was frustrated by the lack of any other form of power. It was not until nearly three centuries after his death that man began to utilise the power that lies in coal; and yet another century passed before he began to exploit the tremendous resources for power and lubrication that lie in mineral oils. The first well to be drilled with the express purpose of obtaining oil was not begun before 1859. Yet seven years later — in 1866 — Vacuum Oil Company was founded. In the years that have followed, many of the important advances made in the application of oil to power and lubrication have been pioneered by Vacuum Oil Company, whose products marketed under the Flying Red Horse trade mark are known and used throughout the world today.

### PIONEERS IN SCIENTIFIC LUBRICATION

MOBILCOIL MOBILGAS  GARGOYLE  VACUUM  
MOBILAND  DELVAC SOVAC 



VACUUM OIL COMPANY LIMITED  
LONDON, S.W.1



Finishing a large factory ablution fountain in Royal Doulton Sanitary Fireclay

## Shaping the needs of INDUSTRY

Your own bathroom — if you are fortunate — may have a Royal Doulton wash basin. Here is its bigger brother; an ablution fountain for use in a factory . . . designed on different lines, certainly, but in finish and workmanship unmistakably Royal Doulton. In the evolution of fireclayware, earthenware and vitreous china to serve the needs of modern sanitary science, Royal Doulton has played a leading part for over a century; and today generations of ceramic experience can put into a sanitary fitment for factory wash-room, first-aid room or canteen the same qualities of enduring craftsmanship that have made the name so famous in the home.

For industrialists and technicians, the story of these and other important Royal Doulton products . . . Corrosion-proof Industrial Stoneware; Porous Ceramic Filters, Diffusers and Diaphragms; Laboratory and Technical Porcelain; Electrical Porcelain Insulators; Stoneware Drainage Materials, Conduits, etc. . . is interestingly told in a special booklet, 'Shaping the needs of Industry'. Write for your copy.

# ROYAL DOULTON

HAS MADE CERAMICS AN INDUSTRIAL WORD

Doulton & Co. Ltd., Dept. P.6, Doulton House,  
Albert Embankment, London, S.E.1.



- \* Brilliant new styling and beauty of line
- \* 5 to 6-seater roominess—ample luggage space
- \* Superb riding comfort—cushioned suspension
- \* Fine performance—instant get-away
- \* Absolute dependability—real economy

*You'll find them ALL in—*



A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP



By Appointment to the late King George VI  
Motor Car Manufacturers Humber Limited

# The NEW HUMBER HAWK

*Praised for its beauty... Prized for its economy*

## INTEREST INCREASED

# 2¾%

### TAX PAID BY SOCIETY

No expenses on investment or withdrawal

Deposits received at 2% the Society paying Income Tax

Write for full particulars

### GRAYS BUILDING SOCIETY

ESTD. 1860 31 NEW ROAD, GRAYS, ESSEX

Branch Offices: 51 LINTON ROAD, BARKING, ESSEX  
6 4 WHEELER GATE, NOTTINGHAM (Mr. C. G. Day)  
Assets: £2,000,000 Reserves: £48,000

just where a  
**KROPP**  
is needed!

Keep a Kropp on your bathroom shelf and (for 20/2 inc. tax) you'll keep your chin clean-shaven for the rest of your days. Really clean-shaven, with no scraping, scratching or soreness. A Kropp open razor is the perfect shaving instrument, hand forged from finest Sheffield Steel. Send 2d. stamp for brochure 160.

**KROPP - the razor for the perfect shave**

OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO. LTD., 51-55 FRITH STREET, LONDON, W.1.



## RATTRAY'S OLD GOWRIE TOBACCO

is a consort for the connoisseur rather than a courtier of the jaded or restless palate. For many discriminating smokers who have sought perfection in pure Virginian leaf it has been their journey's end. The tranquil charm of Old Gowrie owes nothing to additions—but everything to the incomparable quality of its Virginian tobacco and to the rare, unhurried craftsmanship that informs every process of its preparation.

A customer writes from Lima—  
"I would like to take this opportunity of thanking you for your excellent tobacco and for your superb service."

To be obtained  
ONLY FROM:

**CHARLES  
RATTRAY**  
Tobacco Blender  
PERTH, SCOTLAND

Price 10/- per lb., Post Paid. Send 10/- for sample quarter-lb. tin. Post Free.



Gilding the

# LILLET

Curaçao or Anisette?

Among people with perceptive palates there's quite a debate. Should a Gin and Lillet have a dash of Curaçao? By all means—if you like it that way. But in our experience the simplest and best cocktail—beyond all question—is 2/3 Gin, 1/3 Lillet plus a dash of Marie Brizard Anisette for added piquancy. Try it—and settle the argument.

At the 1932 World Cocktail Competition, Lillet was a winner, representing the 1st and 4th cocktail classes.



Twin & Brownings & Holford Ltd., 6 Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4

If your shirt's a  
**VANTELLA**



- ★ it has a Van Heusen unshrinkable neckband
- ★ Van Heusen semi-stiff cuffs that wear and wear
- ★ boneless, buttonless, always-smart Van Heusen Collars to match

All Vantella shirts are tailored coat style. Pattern card available

VOTELLA LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.1

## GOOD WINE OUT OF THE ORDINARY



# Madeira



**SERCIAL.** Dry  
Perfect before dinner

**BUAL.** Rich  
The dessert Madeira

**MALMSEY**  
Full and luscious

WOULD

*You*

LEAVE THIS BOY TO FIGHT ALONE?

A YOUNG FISHERMAN, lonely in a strange port—what tempting prey he looks to evil men and women! Help him against them. The Deep Sea Mission's hosts in Britain's fishing ports offer fishermen wholesome companionship, recreation, hospitality, good food, comfortable beds and help in every spiritual need. For this vital work, the Mission needs constant support. Please write for free pamphlet, *The Fight for the Fisherman*, and if possible send a contribution to the General Secretary, J. W. DONALD.



## DEEP SEA MISSION

ROYAL NATIONAL MISSION TO DEEP SEA FISHERMEN  
71 R.N.D.S.F. House, 43 Nottingham Place, London, W.1



QUILTED LUXURY  
for you ...



... a new dual-purpose  
tailored weathercoat  
- with a difference!

★ Three times as warm as its weight in wool, the quilted Tropoline lining is slipped in and out in seconds!

WARMLITE! . . . a matchless 2-in-1 garment in wool gabardine, satin-lined and with a genuine Tropoline zip-in warmer. Immaculately tailored in grey, fawn and best for men, or (with hat and fixed lining) in seven attractive shades for women.

Wear a

Robert Hirst

WARMLITE  
TAILORING WEATHERCOAT

- you'll live in it!

If your local stockist does not yet stock, write to:-  
Robert Hirst & Co. Ltd., 205 Regent Street, London, W.1.

"A master-stroke in weathercoat styling"

SAYS LEO HUTTON.



n.d. 2.921

# A SUPERB BRANDY

*Known and enjoyed  
by Connoisseurs  
for more than a Century*

Also available - these  
Rare old Liqueur Brandy  
Fine Champagne  
70 years old  
Grande Champagne 1900  
Fine Champagne  
75 years old  
Grande Fine Champagne  
Res. Imp. Over a Century



**SALIGNAC**  
Cognac

NOW OBTAINABLE LOCALLY

Sole Agents for Great Britain: S. B. MASON & CO. LTD., 64-6 Tudor St., LONDON, E.C.1 and WULL

## LEARN TO FLY IN THE ROYAL NAVY

during National  
Service or on  
Short Service  
Commission



FLYING as an officer  
in the Royal Navy means making the  
most of every minute of your time. You  
and your friends will travel the world by  
sea and air - finding adventure and excitement  
in a famous fighting service. Pay is excellent, leave generous  
and one in every five officers is offered a permanent R.N. commission.

To Admiralty, C.W. Branch (CL/116), Queen Anne's Mansions, London,  
S.W.1. Please send me details without obligation of National  
Service/Short Service (if whichever applies).

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_



For Chicken Paste in its wonderful best ask for Shippam's... perfectly blended from fresh, delicious chickens... in our spotless, sparkling model kitchens.

**COME TO CHICHESTER AND SEE OUR KITCHENS**

We've been honoured by a visit from Royalty... we'll be honoured by a visit from you. Come and see the excellent ingredients we use... the efficiency and scrupulous cleanliness of our kitchens. Parties up to 5 or 6 are always welcome without appointment. (Not larger parties, please; too many visitors slow down the day's work!)

**Shippam's**  
Meat and Fish Pastes

Acknowledged the best

At Chichester since 1890



**Turn to a  
NEW leaf..**



Here are two very different blends of tea—each of high grade and each the result of more than a century's experience in buying and blending. Teas as good as these are a true economy because they yield their full pleasure, aroma and flavour when brewed at normal strength.

For delicate yet pronounced flavour, ask for Ridgways "H.M.B." (Her Majesty's Blend) at 1/4d. the quartet. Noble in flavour and fragrance it goes further than 'cheaper' blends.

Or for a quick-brewing tea of a bolder colour and flavour, try Ridgways "Delicious" Small Leaf at 1/2d. the quartet. Make the experiment, and decide which blend you prefer.



RIDGWAYS LTD. OF THE CITY OF LONDON, 290-314 OLD STREET

CVD-12

**Insist on** *Chungle Quality*



**Art Dessert**  
CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

... a compliment to Good Taste

C. KUNZLE LTD., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

**CHANEL**





THE TREASURE EXQUISITE

A TYPICAL example of the exquisite ingenuity of Carl Fabergé, jeweller to the late Czar Nicholas II of Russia. Seated within the mechanical Sedan Chair in gold and yellow enamel, looking through engraved rock crystal windows, is a figure of the

Empress Catherine with ermine cape and diamond crown and order. The "Court Arabs" are gold and enamel. Height 2½ in. Behind is a miniature of the Empress. Colour photograph by courtesy of Wartski, reproduced for your pleasure by the makers of:

**IMPERIAL LEATHER**

EXQUISITE TOILET LUXURIES





## A room with an *Elegant* air

Free INVASION OF ELEGANCE a new book on bedroom and bathroom décor from Dept 10, Vantona Household Advice Bureau, Vantona House, 107 Portland St, Manchester 1

Available at: WM. HENDERSON & SONS LTD., LIVERPOOL  
GRIFFIN & SPALDING LTD., NOTTINGHAM  
THORP BAGE & CO LTD., NORWICH  
FREDERICK SCHUBERT LTD., LONDON  
HANDLEY LTD., NOTTINGHAM  
MINTALLS LTD., KINGSTON-ON-THAMES  
and other leading stores



174/578 Regency motifs pronounced with all the characteristic elegance of the period.

A charming room — and, like most successful bedroom schemes, its charm begins with the bedcover. Vantona Court Bedcovers, fine examples of Lancashire's weaving craftsmanship are a sure basis on which to create a bedroom furnishing scheme of elegance and character. Particularly if, as in this photograph, you use an extra bedcover for matching curtains. These bedcovers wash and wash and do not crease in use. Choose from a wealth of modern and traditional designs, each in Pacific Blue, Lime Green, Coral Pink or Honey.



so we decided on...



**DAVID WHITEHEAD FABRICS**

Send for address of nearest stockist to:

**D. WHITEHEAD LTD., Higher Mill, Rawtenstall, Lancs.**

EN 975.02



**Autumn 1952...**  
luxury cloths from  
**Hunt & Winterbotham**

The most exquisite  
woolens and worsteds in  
creation are on sale by  
the yard at 4 Old Bond  
Street, London, W.1.  
If you cannot call,  
we shall be pleased  
to send you any of our  
2,000 patterns.

• ALSO LUXURIOUS TWIN-SETS IN CASHMERE, LAMONA, LAMSWOOL AND SHETLAND

*Introducing*

**Merlin**

REVOLUTIONARY PATENT ACTION E.L.E.  
**WASHING MACHINE**

The Merlin is easy to operate, removing dirt swiftly and effectively by "Veruction", a principle of water-agitation not previously applied to clothes washing machines. The wringer has independently sprung soft balloon rollers which are gentle with the most fragile fabrics and folds into the main body of the machine, enabling it to be stored under your draining-board, ready for immediate use. Depth 30". Mounted on easy running casters which make it simple to move anywhere. Capacity 6 lbs. assured dry clothes.

**PRICE: £40. 15. 9. (incl. P.T.)**

**MAGNIFICENT ACTION**

**EMPTIES BY ELECTRIC PUMP.**

**REALISTIC WASHING CAPACITY.**

**LIGHT ON THE DAINTIEST CLOTHES.**

**INVALUABLE IN THE HOME.**

**NONE BETTER.**

*Please write for further particulars.*

107 - 108, LANCASTER ROAD,  
BIRMINGHAM 4

Northern Ireland Representative: E. C. BALLINGTON Esq., 140, North Street, Belfast.



## Cruise Calypso

"Isn't this heaven!" exulted the Unicorn.

"Jamaica, I understood", answered the Lion. "Fourth stop on our Caribbean cruise."

"Here come the Calypso singers . . . Good Lord, they're singing to us!" said the Unicorn. And so they were:

"We greet you with joy, sirs—  
our banjos proclaim it!  
We're British ourselves, sirs—  
what's your pleasure? Just name it!  
Our sunshine's a tonic, you'll  
fancy our rum—  
Yes, we've GOT bananas and you  
shall have some."



"Very civil of them", said the Lion. "Oughtn't we to reply?" So the Unicorn borrowed a banjo and they improvised:

"Our Cruise Ship's a dream ship!  
What joy the cuisine!  
How delightful the isles of the  
blue Caribbean!  
As for Christmas at sea—oh,  
it's warm and it's jolly;  
Poinsettias for us, please—  
away with your holly!"

The applause was tremendous but the Unicorn looked a little guilty. "Surely we ought to say a bit more about the *Empress of Scotland*!" he whispered. "After all, we wouldn't be here but for her." The Lion nodded and they gave voice again:

"Our Cruise Ship's a dream ship—  
have we said that already?  
She's the *Empress of Scotland*,  
she's most *beautifully steady*.  
Yes, for sun and for fun  
and for luxury terrific  
Come cruising, come Winter—  
come *Canadian Pacific*."

Southern Cruise to the Caribbean  
by the **EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND**  
Sailing Liverpool 16th December  
Southampton 18th December  
and calling at Cherbourg  
Returning to Southampton  
19th January 1953

See your authorised agent or

## Canadian Pacific

Trafalgar Square W.C.2. (Whitehall 5100)  
103 Loadhall Street E.C.3. (Avenue  
4707) LONDON and offices throughout  
Britain and the Continent.





**T**WO Manchester labourers who had walked all the way to Doncaster won eighty-two pounds on the St. Leger and were thus able to afford a taxi home. The driver waited while they popped in to borrow the tip from their wives.

The Ministry of Health denies any intention to emulate the system just introduced into Italy, under which doctors at Rome and Milan will radio medical advice to ailing aircraft passengers. The official view is that the revenue from prescription shillings would be inadequate to cover the cost of collection.

At Brighton a man is fasting in a glass case, or was when last we heard of him: we do not want to belittle his endeavours, but must warn him that however long he fasts, someone will fast longer next year. Farther north, in the Midlands, another man has lived on top of a pole for a month: a fine achievement; but how long, let him ask himself, before a rival in this sphere will stick it out for five weeks? Then there is a Mr. Heinz Arnts, of Bonn. Mr. Arnts has just played the piano for two hundred and twenty-four hours without cease, and no doubt fancies himself unassailable; let him beware: a contender at Bolton, Lancashire, who only abandoned a recent onslaught on the title because on the fifth day he lost all feeling in his left foot (so a sports commentator reported), will soon be returning to the attack; two hundred and fifty hours at the keys is just round the corner. This is the age, undoubtedly,

of the broken record, and the time has come when someone should demonstrate an endurance test which will itself endure. Let us hear, please, of a man who will rock the world of sport by fasting in a glass case on top of a pole for not less than three months, playing the piano all the time. And let him be British.

"Blast in Bakery"—*News headline*

But you knew it would be hot!

Great occasions call for a setting and showmanship proper to their greatness, and few will fail to approve the choice of the good ship *Wellington*, moored in the Thames just off Temple Gardens, as the scene of a striking scientific demonstration last Tuesday week. After long and valiant service with the Royal Navy, and now serving as headquarters ship of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners, she must have thrilled to an upsurge of old pride when, before a glittering audience representing all elements of our national Press and under the supervision of a celebrated personality of radio and television, it was proved that a lady standing in a tank could be lathered from head to foot with only nine spoonfuls of Britain's most recently perfected washing powder.

In a campaign to revive the traditional gaiety of



the Austrian capital and at the same time increase the State telephone revenue, Viennese citizens, for a 3d. call, can dial a certain number and hear "the joke of the day" told by a special operator at the Exchange. No provision is made for pressing Button B if you've heard it.

We cannot wholeheartedly share the enthusiasm of British scientists over a recent English translation from a Russian work by G. P. Mikhailov and B. M. Fainshtein, with its report that investigations of the dielectric losses and the polarization of polymers crystallizing under tensile stresses show that the observed reduction of the losses is due either to a reduction of the distribution parameter or to a widening range of relaxation times. We should like to see it in the original.

An American Meat Institute advertisement asserts that it takes twenty people to produce a steak—cowboy,

banker, chemist, oil refiner, steelmaker, brewer, sugar refiner, cotton ginnee, flour miller, veterinary surgeon, blacksmith, airplane pilot, lumberman, windmill, feeder, truck driver, railroader, stockyards man, meat packer, retailer—and adds that we ourselves may also be playing our part in producing steaks. On the contrary, given half a chance.

Tales he had heard of unpunctuality on British Railways, says a visitor from abroad, were quite discredited when a train he was waiting for steamed in five minutes before time. No one told him it was yesterday's.

#### Sore Knuckles News

"Barkley Raps Eisenhower on Congress Stand"  
"Cardinal Raps 'Tolerance' in Spanish Law"  
"Murray Raps Republicans as 'Isolationists'"  
*Headlines in an issue of the  
New York Herald-Tribune*

### MOTHER TONGUE

HE placed his tray on the next table to mine and unloaded it carefully. Then he put the empty tray on a trolley, hung his hat where he could see it, and sat down to his pie and chips. Opposite to him was a Londoner, sipping coffee and reading a library book. The newcomer studied him for a moment, and then leaned forward.

"Torned out canny," he remarked conversationally.

The Londoner looked up, smiled

uncertainly, and nodded. He seemed about to return to his reading, but the stranger tried another gambit.

"Back yem," he said, "we divvent bother much wi' these help yorsels. The lass fetches it."

The Londoner, with more to work on, managed better this time.

"Very popular nowadays, these cafeterias," he said.

The other, who had started his meal, nodded agreement. His next words came through a mouthful of pie.

"Bonny lot o' bords ye hev," he said, and added by way of amplification, "reoon' Nelson."

"Ah! Nelson's Column. Yes."

"Ay. Thon puts me in mind o' Grey's Monimint."

The Londoner registered polite interest.

"Lost 'e's heed, y' knaa."

"Really?"

"Ay. Lightnin'. Back on agyen noo. Fettleed aall reet."

That seemed to round off the subject. The visitor set about his pie in good earnest. Soon he pushed the empty plate aside and drew the apple tart towards him. Before starting on it he leaned forward again.

"Hoo div Aa gan to the Toor?" he asked.

The Londoner picked on the word he thought he knew.

"Tour? Yes, I believe there is a coach tour of the main sights. You'd enjoy that."

"Ay, mebbies. But hoo div Aa gan to the Toor?"

I could keep out of it no longer.

"Strite over the High Level, hinney, an' torn reet at S' Nicholas's."

He swung round and stared at me, astonishment gradually giving place to delight.

"Begox! Are ye from Newcastle an' aall?"

I spell the name that way merely to spread knowledge of its only true pronunciation. The accent is on the second syllable.

"A long time ago," I said.

"Benwell."

"Why noo! Then ye'll knaa Scotswood!"

The Londoner saw his opportunity. With the tolerant smile of the local, he rose and departed. I took his place at the table.

Not for years have I enjoyed such a champion crack. We talked about Saturday night in the Bigg Market and Sunday morning on the



Quayside; the Town Moor, Cowhill and the Two Ball Lonnen; Race Week and the Hoppings; and many other important matters, including, of course, United.

But at last I had to go. I led him to Charing Cross Underground and showed him how to get to the Tower. We parted as brothers in an alien land. As I left him and walked up Villiers Street my head was full of Sandgate and The Keel Row. Just as I turned into Strand a man stopped me and asked the way to the County Hall. I told him.

"Gan doon thon bank, hinney, an' over the watter."

He apologized hastily and turned to ask someone else. It's funny how people cannot understand plain English.



"He's too big for us, mentally as well."

## FUNCTIONAL

"THERE's nothing superfluous," she said.

I agreed that there was not.

"If the children spill things," she added, "I wipe it off with a damp cloth. And if other people kick the legs, I can wipe them as well."

I denied having ever kicked legs.

"You don't have to take it like that," she said, and stacked the functional chairs in a corner of the room. "It doesn't follow that you were one of those people."

We went across to the box-like stove at the far side of the room and she enlarged on her subject while coffee dripped through the glass top of her percolator.

"This could be silver," she said, "but I prefer chrome. I don't intend to devote more of my life to cleaning and polishing than Joseph and the twins make unavoidable. So I stick to plastics and stainless steel, and hot water gets everything off. At least, nearly everything," she added honestly, memory evidently nagging at her.

"It makes very good coffee," I said.

"You can put your cup on that table. The heat won't matter. Nothing matters to that table. You can put hot soup cups on it and

spill hard drinks and it smid cigarette ends as well, although I haven't brought myself to try those. You agree that one shouldn't tempt fate gratuitously, don't you?"

I said that I did.

"Looks aren't everything," she emphasized, "but I have come to the conclusion that if a thing is truly functional it usually follows that the shape of it is all right. Carving so often just clutters, especially when there is no reason for it at all."

My own room is unreasonable after the Hepplewhite manner, and she realized that she had been unkind.

"Perhaps there are all-right shapes without functionality. Still, look at my trolley—here it comes—marvellous how it runs on these rubber tyres, isn't it? Put your cup on it for a refill and send it back to me. I quite like your trolley, but it doesn't push."

"It might push on parquet," I said defensively.

"I sweep the parquet every morning and there's a dustpan full of fluff," she told me, "so you have only just to think what a carpet must be like at the end of a year."

I said that I sent it to the cleaners then.

"I sweep every morning and

buff once a week. That's all there is to it. Clean, shining, and beautiful, I think. And functional, too, of course."

"Of course," I said. We neither of us mentioned my Aubusson. It happens to be a very ancient Aubusson indeed.

"Well, that's enough of that," she said briskly; "you mustn't let me ride my hobby horse. Let's talk of something else. Let's talk about Christmas."

"I had been wondering about your present," I said. I had been thinking of a delicious figurine in painted china, before I had seen her new room.

"Could I hint?" she said. "You wouldn't mind?"

I reassured her.

"There's the most adorable copper kettle—a bit grubby, but it would polish up—lovely curves—long, thin, spout—the silliest handle..."

"You'd have to keep cleaning it," I said.

"The spout is really elegant," she told me.

I said that those thin spouts seldom poured well.

"I wouldn't use it," she said, "but it would look quite marvellous sitting on the hearth."

## SURRENDER

SLEEK from the south-west, sunburnt over-all,  
Light clad, with salt-caked skin and half-bleached hair,

I turned the key and stepped into the hall;  
And found a figure sitting on the stair.

I stopped, half in, half out of, the still street,  
And "Who are you?" I said. "Who let you in?"  
It stirred (the cold air swilled around my feet):  
"Autumn," it said with an offensive grin.

"Come off those stairs," I said, "and let me be.  
Autumn my foot! Summer is far from dead.  
Only last night I swam in a warm sea.  
You are absurdly premature," I said.

The thing stood up, and leered, and faded out,  
Leaving a damp patch on the darkened stair.

I bustled disconcertedly about,  
Feeling how chill and bottled was the air,

And opened doors, and flung the windows wide,  
Assuming summer would come in again:  
But a thin wind blew restlessly outside;  
And before nightfall it began to rain.

I heaped my summer-boarded coal upon  
Most justifiable fires, and did not stay  
To wonder whether summer still went on  
Where I had left it all those miles away.

Next day, before I cleared the garden sheds  
And picked up windfall fruit of different  
sorts  
And did the gutters and the flower-beds,  
I washed the salt out of my swimming-shorts.  
P. M. HUBBARD

## SCURRILOUS ATTACK ON DIATOMS

*The Refutation of a Calumny*

I WROTE a few words some weeks ago on a subject very close to the hearts of us all at this season of the year. I wrote about oysters. I said "the greenest are the best." Clearly there were men out to waylay me. Hunters had set traps in the jungle. On the very same date there appeared, so it seems, an article in *The Manchester Guardian*, a paper once noted for its clarity of thought, its humane outlook, and its Liberal tendencies. The general purport of this diatribe was that "green stands for danger to oyster eaters."

It fares ill with a prominent zoologist, and a lover of nature in all its wild ways, when he learns that his veracity has been impugned. Something inside me snapped, and like a wounded tiger I had recourse to the nearest books of reference. And what did I find?

In the first: "It may be noted that the greenish tinge, regarded by epicures as one of the highest credentials of an oyster, is probably due to a copious diet of minute green algae."

In the second: "French oysters are fattened artificially, and rendered green by being kept in ponds in which an exuberant growth of the diatom *Navicula ostrearia* is cultivated. The greening is due to accumulations of pigments in the gills and palps from the ingested diatoms. Similar natural greening of oysters occurs in certain creeks in Essex and elsewhere."

What was I to think of my adversary? Here was a man who apparently had never taken the trouble to examine the gills and palps of these irresistible bivalves before ingesting them; a man who had never made a conscientious study of the long and romantic history of *Navicula ostrearia*; a man blind to the beauty of algae; a man to whom diatoms were a closed book. It

made one sorry and ashamed for the whole race of scribes.

Candour, however, impels me to admit that there are in the subaqueous world oysters which, from no innate perversity, but affected rather by the misfortunes of environment, accumulate a certain amount of copper and exhibit (like envious authors) a sick metalliferous tinge. This unhealthy coloration shows mainly in the body, rarely in the gills. The palps are innocent of the defilement. Even the beard is pure.

It is possible that in the annals of gastronomy there have been diners who, by the continuous ingurgitation of these tainted, unhappy molluscs, have themselves begun to acquire a greenish tinge about the gills and palps, or even, reversing the story of Pygmalion, undergone a gradual metamorphosis into statues of bronze. But these diners must have been exceedingly rash, unaccountably wealthy, and absurdly ill-informed. And in what banquet halls did they dine?

"All oysters sent to the London market are scrutinized or sampled by the Fishmonger's Company, and, if necessary, tested for purity by bacteriological analysis."

There is no finer body of men among our citizenry than the Court of The Fishmongers, and none that works so long and so patiently for the public weal. The verdant tinge of our glorious natives, so dear to the bon-vivant, has by this time, I hope, been vindicated. Pity often mingles with scorn in the process of demolishing an opponent, and though I could say much more on the subject, I will have mercy on the rosy pigment already accumulating on my enemy's cheek.  
EVOE





CONCERTO FOR SIX CONDUCTORS

## THE WAY TO THE STATION

MY week-end at Sturgess's newly-acquired cottage had been a pleasant one, and it was quite unnecessary to apologize, I assured him when I was leaving, for the long walk to the station.

"It'll do me good," I said. "Which is the best way?"

"The best way!" he said.

"Yes."

"I haven't really made up my mind," he said.

I paused, my hat half-way to my head.

"It depends what you mean," he explained. "There's the Nice Way, but I suppose that would be wasted on you on a Monday morning, and there's the Quick Way, or rather several Quick Ways, which may or may not be quicker than the Nice Way—"

I lowered my eyebrow. "Which way do you go in the mornings?" I asked patiently.

"Well, for the first few days

after we moved in, of course, we all went the Nice Way," said Sturgess, "which was the way the agent brought us in his car originally and the only way we knew. Then we discovered the Quick Way—"

"Yes, yes, yes," I said. "I know. All houses have their Nice Ways and their Quick Ways, old man. There's no call to work up a dilemma on the strength of it."

"I'm not," he said. "You won't let me finish. It's the Jones Way and the Steggle's Way."

"The what?"

"And the Corkery Way and the Slatcher-Scrope Way."

"And the Appian Way and the Pilgrims' Way?"

"No," he said. "That's right, really."

"Well, tell me the Jones Way." I said encouragingly. "That sounds easy."

He looked at his watch. "All right. Out of here, turn left, bear

right up the hill. About half-way up you'll hear Jones changing gear at the bottom. Very old two-seater. Gets to the bottom of the hill about a quarter past eight—if you don't hear him by the time you get to the top you've missed him. You could have had another cup of coffee."

"I could?"

"Steggles doesn't show up till twenty-five past. 1951 Garret sports saloon. Comes from East Dingwood and takes an entirely different route from Jones. You have to run back past the cottage."

"Is it really worth it?" I said. "How long does it actually take to get to the station, anyway?"

He sat down on a small stone gnome and stretched out his legs. "Depends which way you go," he said. "Of course, when we first moved in—"

"All right, all right, never mind," I said. "I'd better try for Jones. Which way did you say it was?"



"No, thanks, I'm a vegetarian."



"It's for you."

He looked at his watch again. "I doubt if you'll make it now," he said. "It's nearly a quarter past. You'll have to fall back on Steggles."

"Oh," I said. "All right, which way's that?"

"It's no good starting now," said Sturgess. "If you get too far ahead of him you come to a T-road, and sometimes he turns one way and sometimes the other."

"Why on earth does he do that?" I said irritably.

"Well, one way's a Nice Way," said Sturgess, "and one's a Quick Way. I suppose it depends—"

"Never mind, never mind," I said. "Anyway, can't I just stand on the corner and wait for him?"

"Well, of course, if you think barefaced exploitation of my neighbours—"

"I do."

"Well, you can't. You'd spoil it for me. Some of them are beginning to make remarks now. Especially Corkery. Corkery hasn't even got a hood—it's always the way."

He began feeling in his pockets. "Corkery, let's see," he said. "I've got a time-table somewhere. I made out a time-table."

"Am I missing Steggles?" I said in alarm. "If you let me miss Steggles—"

"No, no, no," he said, "you're all right for Steggles. You've got plenty of time. I just wanted to show you, but it doesn't matter. As a matter of fact, missing Corkery's the worst thing. If you miss Corkery you've only got Slatcher-Scrope."

"Is that bad?"

"Well, it can be. No such thing as the Slatcher-Scrope Way really: Slatcher-Scrope's not a

mappable man. Drives a very old Rolls crammed with children and tins of paint and goes whichever way the fancy takes him. Normally he tries to avoid me—says he mistakes me for a screenwiper—but it's a very tall car—"

"With a slight stoop?"

"—and I can usually see it above the hedges and cut him off."

"Does he ever go past both ends of the road at once?"

"What?"

"Look," I said, "I'm walking. Never mind Steggles. I don't like the sound of any of them. It is possible to walk from here, I suppose!"

"Certainly. Would you like the Nice Way or one of the Quick Ways? The Nice Way sweeps in a gracious curve..."

In the end I 'phoned for a cab.



NO man, I imagine, has ever been so completely the master of the platform-ticket machine. There was no fumbling for pennies, no hesitation: the coins went hard and true into the appointed slot and the tickets were garnered at great speed with a deft flick of the wrist.

I remarked on his performance, comparing it with Moiseiwitsch's superb control of the pedals in the "Emperor," and he blushed. Train-spotters are essentially humble and modest.

We went through the barrier at a smart pace and hurried along Platform 1 to the loco-spotting site—a fine length of wall commanding a panoramic view of the signal-box and the broad curving tracks to London (via Newark and Peterborough) and Boston (via Lincoln). Only a handful of die-hard spotters were on duty, for the afternoon, according to *Bradshaw*, was dullish and offered little hope of sensation or drama. It was routine stuff, the "White Rose" at four-forty-six, a few scheduled goods trains and an occasional loop-line "connection." I was able to examine the expert without interfering too much with his work...

"On a good day," he told me, "we get as many as a hundred spotters on this wall." (The coping-stone has been perceptibly hollowed by the repeated accommodation of sitters' curves.) "Of course, most

of them are junior spotters, the young enthusiasts of the various loco-spotting clubs and societies, but there's always a fair sprinkling, too, of old-timers."

"All of them from Retford?"

I asked.

"By no means. They come from all over the place, Leeds, Manchester, York, Grimsby—even London."

"But, surely, far more trains could be spotted at King's Cross or Euston!"

"Not at speed. You see, the spotter's biggest thrill is to nab the number of a loco doing sixty or seventy m.p.h. Most stations impose a speed limit on through trains—twenty or thirty m.p.h.—but here, at Retford, seventy m.p.h. is quite common."

Retford, it seems, is the train-spotter's paradise. York is good, so is Trent Junction, but Retford has everything.

"For a change," he went on, "we sometimes go down to 'Offord Curves,' a magnificent stretch of line between Huntingdon and St. Neots. There's a particular willow tree I like to sit under..." His eyes glazed over as memory took command of his senses, and I saw him, eager and excited, surrounded by the paraphernalia of his craft—the stop-watch, ready-reckoner, notebook, camera and *Bradshaw*.

I resumed my questioning and discovered that—

(1) Train-spotters prefer to be known as loco-spotters.

(2) Spotters have proved so noisy and demonstrative at some stations (Tamworth, for instance) that they have been denied admission.



(3) On many lines "No Train-spotting Beyond This Point" notices have been set up.

(4) Spotters have their own jargon. "Cabbing it" means stepping on the footplate of a locomotive—a rare honour. To "cab a Streak" is to place a foot aboard the engine of a "Silver Link" or "Mallard" (Class A4 Streamlined Pacific).





Post-war locos, fitted with side-plates or smoke deflectors are known as "Shielders" or "Blinkers."

(5) The hobby of collecting pennies that have been run over by engines and trains of distinction is widespread, though it is frowned upon by the more responsible spotters and spotters' societies.

(6) Spotters to a man (the movement has few female followers) scorn all engines driven by electricity, and are the implacable opponents of electrification. They loathe diesels.

(7) The Railway Executive is not unmindful of its steady income from train-spotters, and offers encouragement whenever possible.

At about three-forty-five a train roared through the station and the expert quivered with excitement.

"D'you mean," I said, "that you've never seen that one before?"

"No, no," he said, "I've seen them both—both the engine and the train—hundreds of times, but I've never seen that train being pulled by that engine." He wrote rapidly in his notebook . . .

Retford is a small town (pop. 16,000) as railway centres go, but it probably has more enthusiasts per yard of track than Crewe, Doncaster, Swindon, Ashford, York or Tamworth. Last week the town was celebrating the centenary of the "Towns Line," a stretch of track between Retford and Werrington Junction, just north of Peterborough, and also the centenary of the opening of King's Cross,

Retford's southern sub-station. The celebrations included handsome exhibitions, special trains stocked with mayors and mayoresses and, of course, a "Spotting Competition (Eastern Region Locos Only)." Competitors in this event (there was no age limit) were merely asked to deduce the name, number and class of sixteen locomotives from certain clues. The first prize was a free railway ticket, Retford-London-York-Retford, and naturally enough it was won by a Retford boy.

The chief exhibition, organized by a small group of railway enthusiasts (including my friend the expert spotter), was mounted at the Whitehall Youth Centre. It had a cinema, working models, miniature steam locos with coal-fired boilers, a vast electric table-railway system, historical records and relics, posters, time-tables, railway buffet buns—everything to delight thousands of children of all ages.

For a long time I tried to follow the lucid explanations of a retired engine-driver (Retford is full of retired engine-drivers) who was most anxious to instruct me in the ways of a three-cylindered locomotive. On the side, as it were, he expressed the view that railways and railwaymen are not what they were. "They've none of the interest we had," he said. "In my day we thought nothing of long journeys: now, if they get forty miles from the missis they get to feel lonely and homesick."

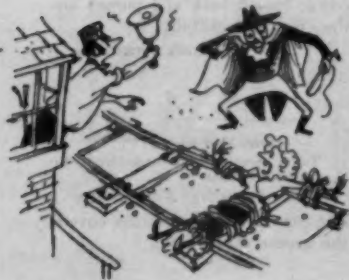
Before I left, another super-annuated maestro of the footplate tried to explain to me the mysteries of such famous engines as the Stirling "8-footers," the Ivatt "Atlantics" and the Gresley "Pacifics." A Gresley "Pacific" known to the trade as 60022 Mallard still holds the world's speed record for steam traction: in 1938 it ran between Grantham and Peterborough, on the "Towns Line," at an average of 126 m.p.h. He made me write that down.



I did not have time to inspect Retford's most spectacular exhibit, the cross-over marking the intersection of such important routes as London-Edinburgh (via Retford) and Harwich-Liverpool (via Retford). Instead I caught a 4-6-2 back to London and a station that is nearly, but not quite, as old as Retford's "Towns Line." "Another legend," I read in some crisp notes put out by the Railway Executive, "has it that it was here at King's Cross that the Queen (Boadicea) was defeated by the Romans in A.D. 62 and that she lies buried somewhere under the site now occupied by main departure platform No. 10."

But Retford has nothing to fear. King's Cross may have more royal bones, Euston a better Arrivals Indicator board, Paddington more platforms and Waterloo more music, but Retford has far more real train-spotters than all of them put together. Real train-spotters.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



## NO NEWS IS NEW NEWS

"THAT man with the moon-shaped scar on his left cheek and his hat turned down all round," said Mr. Chubb: "I see they found him in the end."

His wife did not reply at once, and he looked round the edge of the paper, over the top of his glasses. She was threading a needle with great care.

"I say they found him," said Mr. Chubb, giving the paper a shake and folding it back. "In a deserted hen-house."

Mrs. Chubb looked up slowly, but she seemed to be thinking of other things.

"Lived on raw carrots for a day and a half," said Mr. Chubb.

"Umm," said Mrs. Chubb.

"And berries." Mr. Chubb gave the paper another little shake, and leaned back, scanning the tops of the columns.

Mrs. Chubb drew the cotton through the eye of the needle and picked up her thimble. There was a short silence.

"I suppose really," said Mr. Chubb, from behind the paper, "they mean a crescent-shaped scar. Otherwise why not just say circular?"

"I don't know, dear," said Mrs. Chubb.

"A woman here fell two stories and hurt her thumb," said Mr. Chubb. "Woman in Lincolnshire." He cleared his throat, and looked critically up and down the page, and turned it over. He took another peep at Mrs. Chubb, who was sewing placidly. "Two stories," he said. "Hurt her thumb."

"Yes," said Mrs. Chubb.

Mr. Chubb began to hum a little tune, and presently broke off, frowning.

"Fancy stealing a car," he said, "and then leaving it outside your own house. Asking for trouble . . . By Jove, there's a photo here of that girl who hasn't slept for three weeks. Remember!"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Chubb.

"Keeps reading Henry James all night. The doctors are baffled, it says. Probably nerves, I should think. Something to do with nerves." Mr. Chubb nodded confidently to himself, and turned the paper over. He chuckled indulgently. "Here's a goalkeeper bumped his head on the cross-bar. Ha, ha! Bit of an acrobat, that chap. I should think. His head on the cross-bar! Stopped the ball all right, but had to receive attention, it says."

"Ah," said Mrs. Chubb. She

was stitching rapidly along a hem.

Mr. Chubb turned back reluctantly to the front page. "This oil business is a bit of a tangle, you know," he said, with a grave expression. "Oh—I see that girl married her director. The one we saw the other week, the one you said was too fat . . . No more news of that missing freighter." He sighed, and shook his head. "Thought it would have turned up by this time."

"It did," said Mrs. Chubb. She broke off the cotton, and removed her thimble.

"Mm!" said Mr. Chubb, vaguely.

"It did, dear. They found it a few days ago." She dropped the thimble into her work-box, and fished about coolly for her needle-case.

"I don't follow you," said Mr. Chubb. "It says here—"

"And the man in the hen-house turned out to have had nothing to do with the bank robbery after all," said Mrs. Chubb. "He'd lost his memory."

Mr. Chubb lowered the newspaper, and stared at his wife incredulously, taking off his glasses.

"And the girl who can't sleep," went on Mrs. Chubb, "got tired of Henry James about a week ago, and started on Somerset Maugham."

Mr. Chubb licked his lips.

"To-day's paper," said Mrs. Chubb very gently, "is behind that cushion. And before we go any further, dear, I've read it."

There was a considerable pause. Then Mr. Chubb replaced his glasses, took up the *Radio Times* from the coffee-table, and, opening it upside-down, leaned back and pursed his lips, very thoughtfully.

ALEX ATKINSON



"He's improving. I'll soon have to take the photos off the piano."

"DID YOU KNOW? . . .  
That creation has been legal in  
England since 1894."  
*Cumberland Evening News*

The Statute of Limitations covers  
the events of 4004 B.C.



## A HANDFUL OF BODIES REVISITED

*That this should have been written after reading "Men at Arms," the new novel by Evelyn Waugh, is the merest irrelevancy.*

FOR his novels, Clive Doughnut-Ogilvy dropped the first part of his surname; it was his placatory gesture to his Doughnut ancestors. The Doughnuts, had any of them survived under that name (the last five in the male line had fallen, one after another, off the Channel steamer while escaping creditors), would not have liked his novels. It was as Clive Ogilvy that he was presented to Commander Sprinter on the first day of his training course.

"Ogilvy?" said Commander Sprinter. "I knew an Ogilvy once."

"It wasn't me," said Clive.

"Then who was it?" said Commander Sprinter. "Answer me that. Who was it?"

He marched to the head of the table and they took their places for luncheon. On his left Clive found a novelist named Moan, whom he knew slightly.

"I shouldn't have thought you needed this course," said Clive.

"Saw the red light, old boy. Didn't you read the *New Station's* man on my latest opus?"

"I'm afraid I didn't."

"Can't say you missed much," said Moan, sprinkling salt, pepper and sauce into his soup. "But it was distinctly cool. I realized at once. They can't stand flippancy."

"Can't they?"

"Of course you're different." Moan looked at him sideways, drinking noisily. "You always were flippant. That's why you're here, I suppose."

"In a way."



"Can you spare a copper, sir?"

"Feeling the draught, eh? Sales dropping and all that. Can't say I blame you. Seriousness is the thing nowadays all right. Bags of money in it, bags of money."

It had not occurred to Clive to take this view of his situation. He had quite simply felt the stirrings of conscience. He did not feel that it was right to go on producing novels that were merely emptily amusing to a great many people. Among these people were undoubtedly some he would find personally most offensive. People who would laugh at the aristocracy before being told that they might.

After the soup came sole, after the sole a chicken patty. Clive waited till he saw Moan take up his knife and then turned to his other neighbour. This was a stout man of plebeian appearance, but he was at least eating his patty with a fork.

"I don't think we've met," said Clive.

"I don't think we have," said the man, swallowing.

"You're Ogilvy, aren't you? Of course I regard you as the empyrean. You don't know who I am," he added morosely.

"Do you know I'm afraid I don't."

"You never read a word of mine. Admit it."

"I'm sorry but I don't know who you are yet."

"Isn't that exactly what I'm saying? Proves it up to the hilt. You're the empyrean."

Clive returned to his luncheon; Moan, of course, was eating his lunch. The wine was adequate, without being precisely what Moan would have described as drinkable. Clive had finished the chicken patty and begun the ice before his other neighbour said: "It won't mean anything to you at all, but my name's Mayhem, J. J. Mayhem."





"I know your books well."

"Oh nonsense, my dear fellow. Forgive my saying so, but nonsense. Nobody reads my books."

"I always understood your sales were in the neighbourhood of seventy-five thousand."

"Sales," said Mayhem, with great contempt. "My stuff's not read by anybody who is anybody. Do you know what?"

"No."

"I regard you as the last gentleman writing for gentlemen," said Mayhem.

This had long been secretly Clive's own opinion and he warmed towards anyone who would state it aloud. He found Mayhem *sympatico*.

At the end of the meal he caught sight of his reflexion in a glass above the chimney-piece. At the same moment Moan, he noted, was observing his reflexion in a mirror above the mantelpiece.

"That's what I mean," said Mayhem. "Breeding counts."

Moan returned to the table hiccuping loudly. He caught a waiter by the sleeve and said: "I could do with a spot more of that brandy."

"I'll have to ask the Commander, sir."

"Do."

The waiter went away, but soon came back and said: "I'm sorry, sir, the Commander's having his rest."

"Rest! I never heard such bilge." Moan snorted. "Do you realize how much I've paid for this course?"

"No, sir."

"No, I don't suppose you do. But take it from me it covers a second glass of brandy. And you can tell him I said so."

"I will, sir," said the waiter, moving away.

Moan looked after him. He hiccuped again and said "Insolent man, that. It's not as if the brandy was good, I mean."

Clive had thought it excellent. He wandered about with the others for a time. The pictures on the walls were all of serious novelists. Charles Morgan was next to Mauriac, possibly for alphabetical reasons. The smell of cabbage lingered.

Clive said to Mayhem: "How long do you suppose the Commander usually rests?"

"Oh, he's not resting, my dear fellow. That's what I call a polite fiction."

"What is he doing?"

"When I was last here he used to go off on a bicycle and come back smelling of peppermint."

"You often come for this course, then?"

"Frequently, frequently. Does me not the slightest good. Always something comic happens."

Moan had been out of the room. He now hastened in and said to Clive: "It's a confounded outrage. All my time and money wasted. Do you know what's happened?"

"No."

"This Commander Sprinter has cut his throat in the public library."

"There," said Mayhem. "You see?"

RICHARD MALLETT

## MY MRS. EVANS

MY Mrs. Evans is not the kind of a char  
Some are.

She doesn't blow dust

Off the bust

Of one goddess

On to another's bodice

Or sink on to one's window seat

And talk continuous foot,

Or sing

"Some Enchanted Evening"

Without perceptible pause

During her morning chores.

She doesn't pounce on Celadon ware

With the unpredictable air

Of a home-made

Hand-grenade,

And none of her children have so far swallowed

safety-pins on the day

That some rather serious people are coming to stay.

There are dailies who leave cold water bottles and the odd wheat flake

At the feet of the beds they make,

Who allow all the hard-won hot water to seep away

And who butter the bottom of the breakfast tray;

And many a help has eased her sweepings under the rug

And apparently gnawed her way round the top of the water jug.

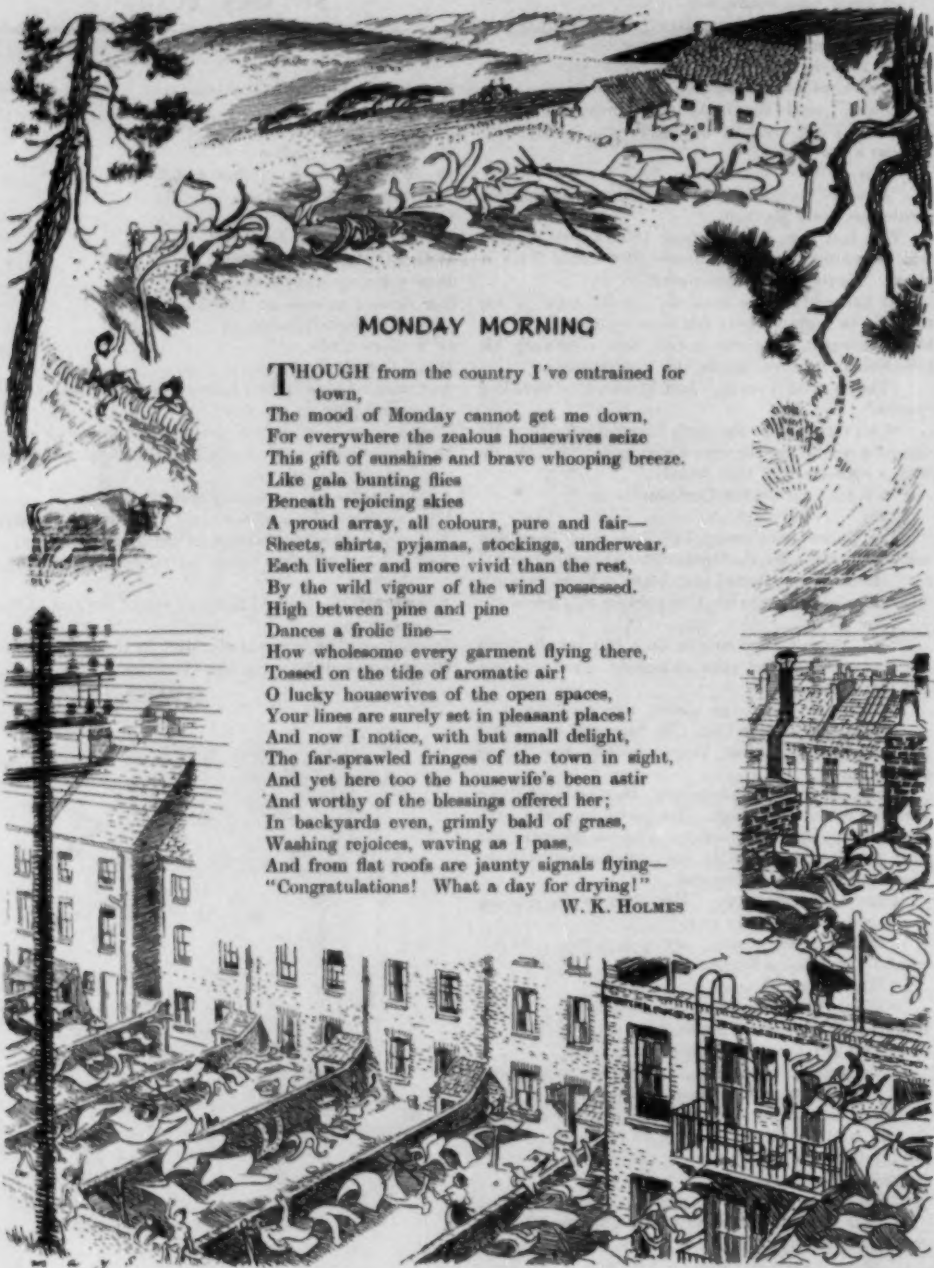
But not my Mrs. Evans; my Mrs. Evans is

Much too occupied over her elevenases.

DANIEL PETTIWARD



"I thought that might happen."



### MONDAY MORNING

THOUGH from the country I've entrained for town,

The mood of Monday cannot get me down,  
For everywhere the zealous housewives seize  
This gift of sunshine and brave whooping breeze.  
Like gala bunting flies  
Beneath rejoicing skies

A proud array, all colours, pure and fair—  
Sheets, shirts, pyjamas, stockings, underwear,  
Each livelier and more vivid than the rest,  
By the wild vigour of the wind possessed.  
High between pine and pine  
Dances a frolic line—

How wholesome every garment flying there,  
Tossed on the tide of aromatic air!  
O lucky housewives of the open spaces,  
Your lines are surely set in pleasant places!  
And now I notice, with but small delight,  
The far-sprawled fringes of the town in sight,  
And yet here too the housewife's been astir  
And worthy of the blessings offered her;  
In backyards even, grimly bald of grass,  
Washing rejoices, waving as I pass,  
And from flat roofs are jaunty signals flying—  
"Congratulations! What a day for drying!"

W. K. HOLMES

## TRAVELLER'S TALES

H

WE visited Venice without going inside St. Mark's. We visited Athens without going up to the Acropolis. Is this a record? There is something to be said for us, we think. If we like the outside of a church we are nearly always disappointed by the inside: so why not stay outside and go away with a good impression? Besides, we met a man selling English newspapers, so we sat down in the Piazza San Marco and checked our football pools. You've never done *that*.

As for Athens, it was very hot, we could see the Acropolis quite clearly from below, we spent a lot of time at Cook's, we were invited across the bay to some Elysian swimming; and that is the case for the defence.

But then, all you superior folk who have "done" St. Mark's and the Acropolis, we did something that you have never done. We visited Ithaca, the island of Ulysses. That great man lived on the top of "a conical hill" on a narrow isthmus half-way down the island. We steamed up a long blue arm of the sea and anchored, on a radiant evening, in the shadow of the hill, where the ships of Ulysses—and the Suitors—lay. This excited us, we confess, much more than many cathedrals and architectural ruins. At the foot of the hill there is a single small white house, with olives and vines and cypresses climbing the steep slope behind it. We said to an unshaven cultivator ashore: "*Odyssse!*" He beamed and pointed to the top of the hill; and we were proud of our first essay in Modern Greek. Later, Penelope herself came out in a boat with Telemachus, her son, and a present of fruit and flowers. Telemachus is a fine boy, and speaks good English; his father, he said, is a sea-captain, and is now in the Atlantic. Telemachus intends to be a sea-captain too: so the old tradition lives on. We sailed away before dawn, led by the planet Jupiter towards the Gulf of Corinth: and Penelope, we felt,

was waving from the top of the hill. All this was almost as good, we feel, as the inside of St. Mark's.

But—"Odyssse!" What a way to pronounce Odysseus! It is no affair of ours, perhaps, but it does seem to us that the Greeks have ruined a rather good language. We feel that all the Greeks should be sent to a good English Public School where they could learn to speak it correctly. It is not a matter of words but pronunciation. We had been told that Modern Greek was nothing like the language to which we gave so much time in our youth. That is quite wrong. The language is much the same. Not even the irregular verbs seem to have got much more irregular. At all events, they are the same old verbs. It is really thrilling for the old-public-school-chap to prowl through the dictionary, or the newspaper, and find so many good friends waiting for him. Even dear old *μὲν* and *ἐν* are in the dictionary, though we could not find them in the newspapers (odd, because you would think that they were just the thing for leading articles, wouldn't you?). After hearing so much about the "dead" languages being a waste of time, it was exciting to find real live people who agree that *ἀγαθός*

means "good," *ἔρχομαι*, "I come," and *ἔχω*, "I have"; who say *κύριος* for "Mr." and *γυνή* or *γυναικα* for "woman."

But *γυναικα* is pronounced "ginayka"; and the visitor with a "classical education" is at once frustrated and resentful.

We were not in Greek waters long enough to have much practice: but we learned one or two disturbing things.

VOWELS. Almost every vowel-sound, and combination of vowels, is pronounced like the "i" in "this" (according to the Greeks) but sounds to us like the "ee" in "cheep." Eta (η) is pronounced like this: but Iota (ι) "has exactly the same pronunciation as the letter η": and "υ" has exactly the same sound as η and ι." So has ει, so has οι, and so has υι. This gives the language a rather bird-like character. In a word like διοίκησης (administration, government), pronounced, we gather, "dee-ee-kee-sees," you have the same sound four times, written in three different ways. Homer, you remember (well, pretend, if you don't), wrote πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης, which meant, we think, the many-noisy sea, and was held up to us boys as an example



of *onomatopoeia*. But this would now be pronounced "poleefleesveeo" (β is "v"), which sounds more like a many-sneezing sea. You can't tell us that that is what Homer intended. α is pronounced "ay" and ου "oo": so our old friends κῶν and οὐκ are "Kay" and "Ook" (our accents, by the way, are not guaranteed).

CONSONANTS. Dear old Beta, as we have hinted, is very tiresomely pronounced "v"; the waltz is τὸ βῶλς; and so old friends βαίω (I go), βουλῇ (Parliament)

and βούς (bull) become, we suppose, "Vayno," "Vooles" and "Voos"; but we had no chance to bring them into any conversation. Delta (δ) is pronounced like the "th" in "then," which is simply maddening. We found, with delight, ποδοδάκτυλος (rosy-fingered) in our dictionary. We tried to tell Telemachus that we were sailing at the rosy-fingered dawn; but "rothothaktilos" was a little too much for us.

Chi (χ) is a mystery. One dictionary says it is pronounced

"like the English 'h' in history but stronger," another says it is the "ch" in "loch" (an old enemy of ours); but in far Corfu they pronounced it unmistakably like the "ch" in "church": τυχός (quick) was "tacheess," and όχι (no) was "Oachee." But perhaps the men of Corfu have a low language of their own.

Pronunciation is not the only trouble to the well-educated Briton. He must watch the accents closely: for he may have got the right word and the right pronunciation, but if he puts the stress on the wrong syllable the Greeks will look at him blankly or say "No spik English." Very often, he feels, the accent is in the wrong place, especially if he has studied Greek Verse. We had our accents, of course, in the old days, but we rode happily over them; whereas the modern Greek observes them carefully. For example, he stresses the first syllable of θάλασσα, while we (and Homer, we thought) stressed the second.

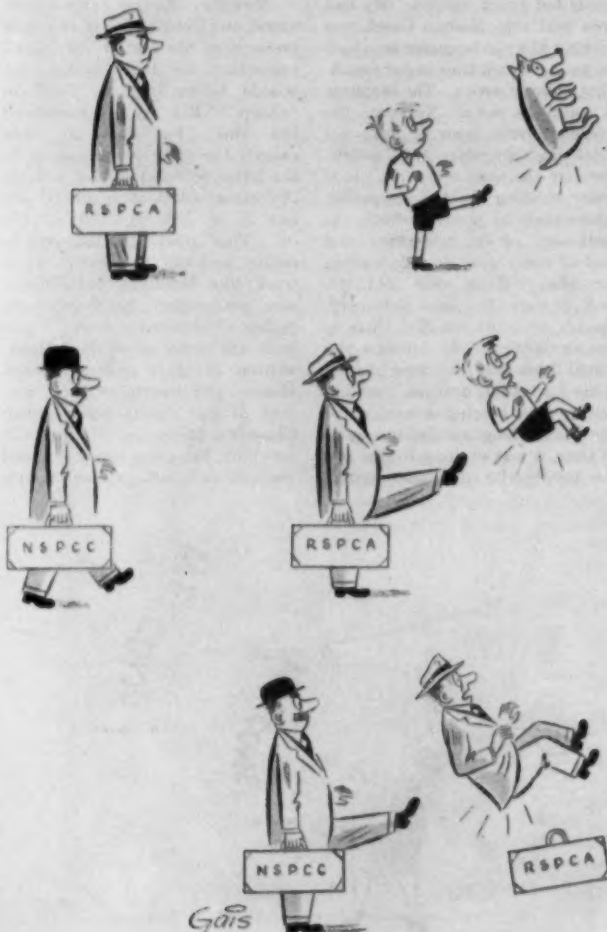
γραφειοκράτης is a bureaucrat; but γραφειοκρατία is bureaucracy (an excellent word, by the way). Then look at the little prepositions so dear to every British boy: ἀνά, κατά, μετά, παρά, ἀντί, ἀμφί, περί, ἐνί, ἀπρό, ὑπρό, ὑπέρ.

They look fine. But imagine coming down with a crash on the second syllable in every case!

By the way, the—what do you call it?—the rough breathing in δ and θ has gone. So you no longer say "Ho Bous," but "O Voos." A small point, perhaps, but there seems to be some loss of virility here.

Nevertheless, there are all the old letters, and all the old words: and we believe it would not take a good Wykehamist long to master the language again. But how much better to send the Greeks to Winchester!

A. P. H.



#### Practical Dressmaking

"See that the shoulder straps are long enough not to cut into the flesh, but short enough to allow you to move freely without falling down."

Daily Graphic





STATE boundaries mean little to the ordinary American. The motorist crossing a state line will note that the road surface has improved or worsened; the speed limit—if he slows down sufficiently to be able to read the sign—may have changed; the highway markers and traffic signs are ever so slightly different. Some bus drivers enjoy announcing a state line to their passengers, with jocular overtones. "Now leavin' Jawgia," the driver of a bus sings out, rolling down Route 1 at 70 m.p.h., "and enterin' Flo-ri-da. Passengers please put on their shoes!" California, on occasion, has tried to deflect at her border any migrant who looked like a welfare case in the making, but most state lines are without any kind of official supervision.

In recent years a new kind of commerce has come into being at certain state borders, stimulated by the often considerable difference in state taxes on such items as gasoline, cigarettes, and liquor. Leaving New Hampshire for Massachusetts, for instance, the traveler is warned, by many a "Last Chance" sign at filling stations and roadside stands, of higher prices ahead. "Save Money—Stock Up," the signs counsel. Meanwhile, mail order companies in the tobacco areas of the south, where cigarette taxes are low or non-existent, offer bargains to all-comers. From one point of view, this is all nothing more nor less than the free flow of inter-state commerce, bulwark of the American

home market and proudly contrasted with "Balkanization" by custom barriers in other parts of the world. But the Tax Commissioner of Massachusetts, Henry F. Long, will have none of this attitude, and he is probably the only state tax collector in the land to adventure against this kind of tax-dodging. His methods are unorthodox, sprightly, and probably extra-legal. They work out very successfully.

Long sends each year—with ample notice to the press—a squad of twenty or thirty spotters to New Hampshire towns with instructions to keep an eye on cars with Massachusetts registration plates, especially those parked near a liquor store. These agents, with no standing at all in another state, simply jot down the number of the Massachusetts driver who seems to be patronizing a liquor store, and that driver receives later on through the mails a

demand for taxes by Long. The whole arrangement enrages the individual motorist, who vows defiance and writes sharply to the papers about it. One citizen applied, without success, last year for an injunction against Long on the grounds that Long's methods disturbed his peace of mind. Another, whose car Long had seized, got it back only after a scuffle with the courts, but Long took still another through two courts before finally losing out to a jury's decision that it was not the defendant but his wife who had bought the liquor in New Hampshire.

"I base my tax bills," Long explains, "on what seems to be the economic status of the car owner. If it's a fairly expensive car, I send a bill for six bottles. That's nine dollars and sixty cents. When it's a smaller car, I only charge for four bottles."

Long shows astonishment when asked if the motorists actually pay up in response to his demands. "Why, of course they

pay," says Long. "They know they have been breaking the law. Most of them tell me they're sorry they did it. Sometimes a man will write me that he only bought two bottles and not six, and I simply reduce my bill accordingly."

Cigarettes are a much tougher problem for Long. At this writing, the Southern mail order situation is somewhat beyond his control. For a time it looked as if recent legislation enacted by Congress would help states to collect the tax by making the seller liable for it. But the mail order operators promptly had their customers designate them as mere "purchasing agents" of the customer, and this device seems to baffle pursuers of the state tax dollar. The U.S. Supreme Court has succeeded in skirting the issue thus far, but a sufficiently hot-tempered citizen may come forward any day with a case that will either upset a good many state tax structures or revise the whole theory of free inter-state commerce.

For his part, Long believes the small sums thus collected from a few tax dodgers have great deterrent value and that Massachusetts would otherwise lose "millions" in revenue. But New Hampshire is just as satisfied as Long: the publicity has induced purchases running into the millions, so New Hampshire spokesmen tell us, by Massachusetts people who would not otherwise have heard of the delightfully low prices next door.

More complicated are the interstate issues raised by the end, in early August, of New England's worst drought. While Massachusetts was pondering the legal liability involved in rainmaking, Connecticut decided to buy some rain for such crops as survived the hottest July on record. It signed up Wallace E. Howell, the meteorologist who had

made quite a bit of rain for New York two years ago by releasing silver iodide crystals from the ground. Dr. Howell went to work on a hill-top



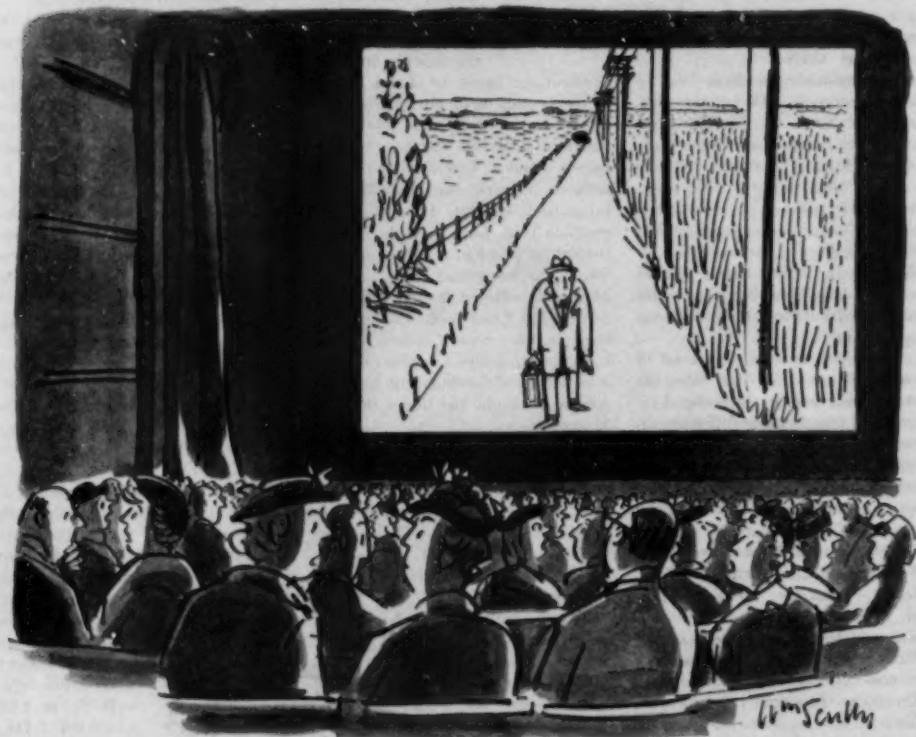
shortly after midnight of a Tuesday and continued seeding the clouds with his crystals all day. Scattered showers began, and by late afternoon a prodigious cloudburst let go. It rained heavily all night. But, a hundred miles to the north, Boston was hammered by the noisiest electrical storm in some years; power lines failed, telephones were knocked out; 2½ inches of rain in six hours put the whole city awash. Down in Connecticut, where it kept on raining, Dr. Howell kept on seeding the clouds. He had contracted to seed clouds daily for 30 days, in return for a fee of \$8,300, and he was not giving short measure. Massachusetts, which seemed to be getting a free ride, was equally wet. There were polite murmurs, a couple

of days later, from the Connecticut farmers, who felt that perhaps too much was being done for them. Dr. Howell, it was suggested, should relax for a few days, and keep in touch. The owner of an amusement park just over the state line in Massachusetts was more specific. "If they've gotta make it rain," said he, "let 'em do it on Mondays. There's no business on Mondays."

No American, excepting the dupes of door-to-door salesmen, ever pays the listed price for gadgets. Reductions of 20 to 25 per cent are offered on almost anything but an automobile, if one shops for them at the right places. Air conditioning units, in the early summer, were to be had from all the

"discount houses," but they were fetching a premium after the hot weather moved in. Unfortunately, even a small installation calls for a special power line and heavier fuse, and electricians did not exist in sufficient numbers to keep abreast of the buying stampede. The big cities, in consequence, went on fuse-popping sprees quite without precedent. Some air conditioners sound like bottom gear on a vintage sports car; others, as vaunted by their makers, are "whisper-quiet"; still others emit the overlapping frequencies of blowers, dynamos, bird-calls and keening, heard below decks in a destroyer. But surely few things could seem to the new owner more spectacularly silent than an air conditioner with the fuse blown out!

CHARLES W. MORTON



"That reminds me of something. Did you remember to fill up before we came in?"

## DEFLATION BY DESIGN

THE past week (writes our City correspondent) has been one of tentative consolidation. Investors, chary to a degree, have been taking stock of recent Government pronouncements and examining the uncertainties implicit in the decision of the Emmerich-Walkley Group not to proceed with its plans for a Channel Tunnel or the electrification of the Outer Hebrides. The sensational "Corkit" interim dividend coupled with unconfirmed rumours of alchemy has prompted a mood of extreme caution.

Inflation remains the biggest headache—in spite of the seasonal improvement. At this time of year there is always a sharp reduction in the quantity of money in active circulation (Keynes' "Equinoctial Shortfall"). This is occasioned by the onset of football and football pools and the consequent withdrawal from normal channels of millions of pounds of purchasing power each week. Higginson's inquiry of 1948 demonstrated that football and its ancillaries tend to reduce current retail expenditure on:

Curtain rings by '01 per cent.  
Telephone sterilization by '002 per cent.  
Bottling jars by 2.035 per cent.  
Domestic permanent waving equipment by 2.08 per cent and  
Puncture outfits by 1.825 per cent

—and there is no reason to doubt that his figures still hold good.

Unfortunately, the capacity of our football grounds is already strained to the utmost, so that a more satisfactory rate of absorption of excessive cash-in-hand cannot be achieved without a dramatic extension of floodlit soccer. It seems a pity that so much valuable floodlighting equipment should be in use at seaside "illuminations" when it could so easily be luring people into our football stadia—at one and ninepence a time—and helping to relieve chronic inflationary pressure.

The American Presidential Election is another unsettling factor. The prudent investor will hedge—



though ever so warily—against the possibility of a return to Prohibition. It is obvious that a revival of the Volstead Act would automatically release large quantities of frustrated liquid exports for distribution in Britain and so, indirectly, defeat the policy of moderation in wage demands. Just how nugatory that policy would be rendered by such a move is anybody's guess.

It would seem that the steps taken by the Chancellor last year to wipe off the superfluous cash resources of the banks have now lost their effectiveness. Firmer measures will have to be adopted to stimulate consumer resistance.

One of the most ingenious and valuable suggestions put forward in recent years is Professor Thonkins' notion of "Deflation by Design." The professor and a small group of associate researchers at the London School of Economics have proved that sales fall off in a period of inflation *only when the design and pattern of the goods offered is repugnant to the average purchaser.* In other words, that involuntary saving can be increased by offering the public what it doesn't want. "Many manufacturers of furniture, pottery, glass and so on," Professor Thonkins has written, "will tell you that good design—good design in the Council of Industrial Design sense of the term—doesn't sell. Most people hate

'modern'; they prefer heavy useless ornament, high polish and the simulation of opulence. I could solve the problem of inflation tomorrow if I were allowed to re-staff our industrial studios with *avant-garde* designers."

The idea is certainly worth entertaining, though not of course too lavishly.

Finally, a word or two about Pillock, Pillock and Fustian Limited. The trading profit of this company for the past year, at £348,107, was slightly higher than for the previous year, but it must be remembered that the financial year 1951-52 contained one *extra* trading day, 1952 being a leap year.

## Investors' Queries Answered

J.W.S. (Hull). Sell, man, sell!

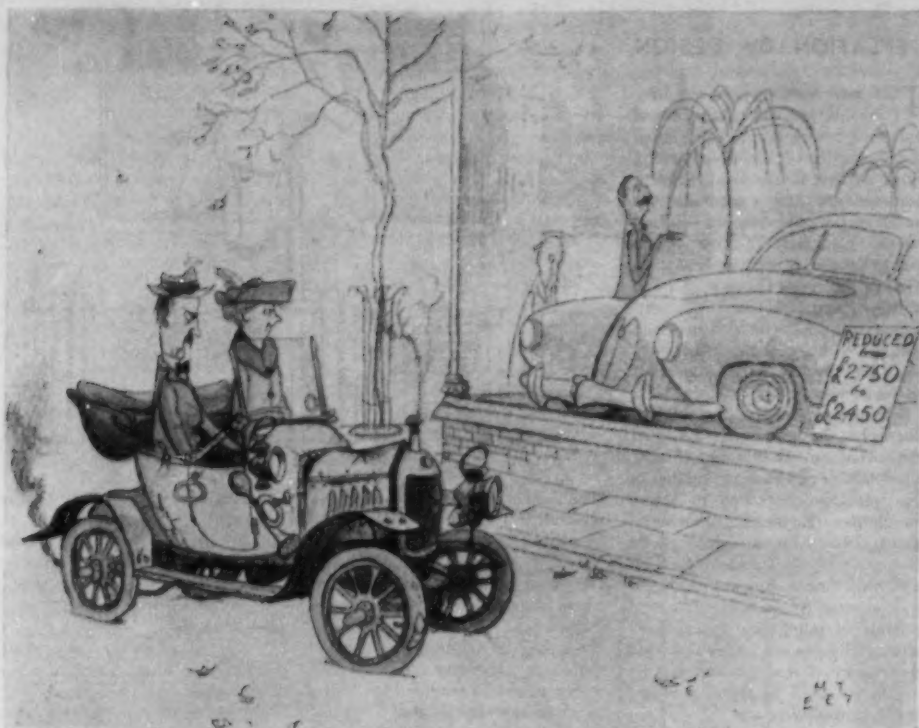
R.W. (London). Can't say. I have never heard of the stock you mention.

J.J.L. (Edinburgh). I don't want to sound pessimistic or anything, but, frankly, I doubt whether those old (1873) Japanese Defence Bonds are worth the paper they're written on.

"Puzzled" (Leeds University). "Bulls" buy for a rise: "Bears" sell expecting a fall.

T.D.K. (Worthing). (1) Yes. (2) No. (3) Yes. (4) Yes. (5) Might easily. (6) H'm!

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



*"You realize, of course, that now we should get precisely £300 less for this . . ."*

### BROOK IN SEPTEMBER

THE brook, that ran as fast in Spring  
as the pen of a young poet scribbling first-love  
verses,  
stumbling over a rhythm, starting a blackbird's wing,  
now pensively in middle age rehearses—  
falling into Meander's loit'ring pace—  
lines to his mistress Summer's wrinkling face.

Herriek the brook was, courting each month's favour—  
for April pinked his sleeves with primroses,  
cooling for June the honeysuckle's flavour  
upon the night air. Each in turn to please  
he sought; but now, in the September sun,  
would turn philosopher and look to Donne.

He feels the still sun burn, not on his cheek  
but in his veins; now he would meditate  
between two seasons: a thousand memories speak,  
and wisdom tells him to anticipate  
no future solace from experience  
save the slow freezing up of every sense.

And he falls silent, thus meandering  
among the meadows where all his songs were sung;  
but, being a poet with a poet's tongue,  
knows that at beauty's bidding he will sing  
again—or well, or ill, he takes on trust  
sure only when she bids him, sing he must.

R. C. SCRIVEN



## I'M ALWAYS LATE ON TUESDAYS

IT is about ten o'clock when the boss calls me over. And without looking at me he says to a memorandum he is holding: "I believe you were late again this morning, Blaser, if I'm not mistaken."

"That is so, Mr. Smog, that is so," I agree.

This Mr. Smog who is my boss has a pleasant, genial face, and to look at him you would think there is a pleasant, genial fellow, a fellow with a kindly disposition. Well, if that's the way you think you certainly want your brains tested, believe me.

"I suppose you've got an excuse," he says, being really polite.

"Of course," I reply courteously. We hate each other like poison, honestly we do.

"Of course," he says. "And which one is it this time, may I make so bold as to inquire?"

May he make so bold! Perhaps he thinks I've got a list of them or something. It's the kind of thing he would think, he doesn't trust his own mother, I bet.

I am wondering which excuse will go down least badly when his telephone rings. He picks it up and says "Smog" into it, very deep and dignified, while I stand there like an onion. He loves having folk stand around while he's on the telephone, it makes him feel good, it really gives him an appetite. "Oh yes, sir, of course," he says into the telephone.

I start thinking, it's this bus journey to town every day that's making me late. It is slowly driving me crazy, this bus journey, especially now they've got these zebra-crossing things. Honestly, I'm really going crazy. You know how it is in the mornings, you don't catch a bus till the last minute, and you pray hard it'll do the four miles to town in twenty minutes dead, and you watch all the traffic-lights and the crossings and things. Well, there's this zebra affair right ahead of us, just as we're all set, and I'm beginning to think what

has Stirling Moss got that our driver hasn't. Yes, there's this crossing, and nobody within a hundred miles of it, honestly there isn't a soul... Until we get up to it, that is. Then by magic ten thousand people are waiting to cross the road. By magic, if it kills me. They've come from all over the world to cross this particular road at this particular spot, you've never seen anything like it since "Quo Vadis," a whole army of men and women and kids and prams and dogs. They tell me it is happening all the time at these zebra-crossings. But do they cross like an army? Ha! That is a joke. They cross one at a time, one from this side, one from that, it's a game, it's a riot of a game, and the winner is the one who gets over last of all. You can see they are folk who will have nothing to do for the next few days, they are in no great hurry to go anywhere.

The funny thing is the driver of

my bus doesn't seem to mind, he doesn't give two hoots if every man, woman and child in London joins in. He has a kindly, good-natured face, like Crippen's, and he sits there, leaning on the steering-wheel and reading the daily paper, which he has folded up very small, with the racing news outside. Honestly, you can tell he's a man without any ambition or anything, he doesn't care if we stay there all day.

After about ten hours all these folk get across, and I begin to breathe again and think now we can get moving if the engine hasn't rusted up or something. But boy! Am I the optimist! An old lady heaves in sight, a dear, sweet old lady, she is wearing several skirts and a cap, she has beautiful silvery hair, she must be about a hundred and nine.

Our kindly, good-natured driver spots her and relaxes once again. After all, what is another day here or there! We can always jump off



"Let's see now—what's half of nine plus thirteen pounds?"



*"I hope Harold will regain his form when the Normans visit us in 1066."*

and get a sandwich or something if we feel hungry; or a seven-course meal, come to that. He'll still be waiting when we get back.

The sweet old lady gets up to the zebra-crossing and takes a good look at it, and frowns a bit. There wasn't anything like this at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, it is one of these new-fangled inventions like the horseless carriage. Then she puts one foot down gingerly from the kerb, just as you do in a bath when you think maybe the water's too cold.

Brother, if you were to ask me how long she stands there on the brink I couldn't tell you, I am past caring, honestly I am. But it seems like days, it really seems like days, and there's enough traffic piled up so that if you put it all end to end that is just what it looks like.

Then this dear old lady makes up her mind. She smiles sweetly, a really sweet smile, and takes her foot back on the pavement, and shakes her head. You can't fool

her, she's not going to be taken in by any black-and-white lines, oh no...

Mr. Smog says "Certainly, sir," into the telephone and puts it down. Then he looks up at me as if I am something which has just

butted in on his well-ordered existence. "Ah yes, Blazer," he says in gracious tones, like a snake, "we were going to have an excuse, weren't we?"

But, honestly, what can you say?

## ADVICE FOR AN AMAZON

*A County Medical Officer has recently criticized schools that turn out "games-playing young Amazons." It would be better, she said, if some of the games were cut out in favour of . . . , above all, the art of love. She added that whistling and loud talk by adolescent boys were often forms of courtship.*

**PENTHESILEA**, armed with might,

On the windy Trojan plain  
Fought, and in the luckless fight  
Waa by proud Achilles slain.

Thus the poet: now they say  
She might well have vanquished him

Had she left her idle play,  
Studied love, instead of gym.

Better, faced with such a foe,  
Lovers' sweet artillery,  
Lips in coy cosmetic bow,  
Pencilled brows and flashing eye—

Better, since unvanquished still  
Proud Achilles walks, a boy  
Talking loud, and whistling  
shrill

On the windy plains of Troy.  
G. H. VALLING

AT THE  
PLAY

Romeo and Juliet (OLD VIC)—The Troublemakers (STRAND)—Ebb Tide (ROYAL COURT THEATRE CLUB)

IN Mr. HUGH HUNT's Edinburgh Festival production of *Romeo and Juliet*, which has now come south, an exceptionally spirited team of young men gives exciting reality to the sometimes meaningless Montague-Capulet vendetta. Their gaiety blazes into fights far different from the conventional clash of stage ironmongery, and this proof that in Verona blood is really hot puts the risks run by *Romeo* for once into italics. Mr. LAURENCE PAYNE, whose *Tybalt* seems to be a smiling devil out of Webster, deserves congratulation for harnessing so much style and fury in these encounters. Our sense of tautness is increased in a noon-hot set by Mr. ROGER FURSE, and the youthful vigour of the early scenes fitly introduces an exuberant *Romeo*. Mr. ALAN BADEL makes him excitable and attractive, a little extravagant perhaps, but this comes off; above all things he is a young man wildly in love. As a romantic child the *Juliet* is more affecting than as a tragic woman. Unless you catch a

rare actress at exactly the right moment in her development you cannot have it both ways, and if Miss CLAIRE BLOOM cannot yet move us much in the later scenes, earlier she is touchingly good.

At all points this production is sound, and often it becomes excellent. In the best tradition of the privileged nannie who dares speak up to the master, Miss ATHEKE SEYLER's *Nurse* is adorable, and Sir LEWIS CASSON's *Friar Lawrence* distils the wisdom of a shrewd old man at peace. Mr. WILLIAM DEVLIN's *Prince* breathes authority, Mr. PETER FINCH's *Mercutio* and Mr. WILLIAM SQUIRE's *Benvolio* are dateless young men about town, and the feeling we get of being personally caught up in the hair-trigger society of Verona is strengthened by the graciousness of Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS' *Capulet*.

Mr. GEORGE BELLAK's *The Troublemakers* is about a difficult undergraduate beaten up and accidentally killed by drunken oafs at an American university—ostensibly for wearing the wrong football blazer, in fact for airing in the college magazine the kind of radical opinions which in a British university are harmlessly evaporated in highly respectable clubs designed for the purpose. There is no suggestion of Communism; the boy simply wants a better world. A witness of the affair, who has been too weak to report it, is driven to do so by his friendship with the dead man's

family, and particularly with the grandfather, a veteran agitator whose passion for free speech makes him see his position in a new light; to his growing horror, when he confesses, he finds himself faced by a corrupt intrigue on the part of authority to hush things up. The play is sincere, its moral praiseworthy; occasionally it is extremely



(The Troublemakers)  
Stanley Carr—MR. GENE LYONS

dramatic, but to me it seems a rather crude piece of work relying too much on violence, shouting and lapses into sentimentality introduced by portentous scraps of music. The real issues are never examined, except in an atmosphere of hysteria which Mr. GENE LYONS' monotonously tense performance as the chief character does nothing to relieve. In an uncertain cast the best acting comes from the sadistic footballers, and from Mr. JOSEPH TOMELTY, who gives tremendous incandescence to the old firebrand. To be fair I must report that the first-night applause was deafening.

Lovers of Stevenson should not miss *Ebb Tide*, his South Seas melodrama, forcefully adapted by Mr. DONALD PLEASANCE and very well played by him and three others.

Recommended

For spine-chilling, *The Innocents* (Her Majesty's). For a well told story, *Winter Journey* (St. James's). For clever crime, *Dial "M" for Murder* (Westminster).

ERIC KEOWN



*Juliet*—MISS CLAIRE BLOOM  
*Romeo*—MR. ALAN BADEL



## at the PICTURES



*The Planter's Wife—Sudden Fear*

IT is not easy to find a single phrase that sums up the main fault of *The Planter's Wife* (Director: KEN ANNAKIN), which sets out to give a picture of the unhappy state of affairs in Malaya by telling the story of one rubber planter's fight against the bandits there. Uncertainty of aim! Division of emphasis! No words of that kind

strenuous day and night helping him to defend their bungalow against bandit attack) decide not to after all; this also is artificial. But in the straightforward account of the planter's job, and his wife's job, there are excellent things, and JACK HAWKINS makes a credibly solid, worried figure of the planter himself. The edgy mood of suspicion

point is that this soon establishes itself as the sort of story that does plant its props like that, as the plain murder-puzzle plants its clues, so that one watches coldly, alert to recognize them. Mechanism of incident, not character or atmosphere, is what holds one's attention—in spite of the usual pretence in a Joan Crawford picture that beneath the expensive clothes, against the luxurious backgrounds, boils a furious tempest of high-class emotion. In essentials this is another variation on the theme of the would-be "perfect murder," even though (because Miss CRAWFORD, as the unbearably provoked heroine who plans it, must be left in the clear) it doesn't come off. Well, the suspense is good, however artificial.



[The Planter's Wife]

Mat—JEREMY SPENNER

Liz Fraser—JACK HAWKINS

Liz Fraser—CLAUDETTE COLBERT

convey quite the right idea, though perhaps they suggest it. The episode we see—it covers only a day or so—is presented in a more or less factual way, and considerable trouble is taken to show us what is the everyday life of a man with an exceptionally exacting job who has, on top of that, to be constantly alert against bandits. But the factual approach stops there: the bandits are just terrorists (or vice versa) and no attempt is made to suggest why they behave as they do. They might be any gang of villains in any fictional situation; their function is simply to besiege, to shoot from ambushes and otherwise to harry the sympathetic characters. This weakens the picture because it implies, however unreasonably, that the whole situation is artificial, whereas as I have said the main point of most of it is to give an impression of reality. For the sake of emotional interest, too, a rather tired, ordinary husband-and-wife disagreement is worked up, so that the Planter's Wife (CLAUDETTE COLBERT), having come to the conclusion that she must leave him, may (after a

in the community comes over strongly in good detail (that half-naked infant carrying a couple of grenades), and the violent siege is well handled. It was a good touch, too, to have the planter's little boy and his friend playing with imaginary death on the very spot where the real thing may be at any moment. The film does not realize all its good intentions, but it was worth doing, and it's worth seeing.

For really out-and-out artificial proceedings, take *Sudden Fear* (Director: DAVID MILLER), a suspense-melodrama constructed with such conscious ingenuity that one can almost see every working part labelled and indicated as if in a mechanical diagram. One may be deceived, of course: I was sure the dizzy drop to the sea from the summer cottage was proclaiming its importance to the plot, as the dictating machine with its plethora of microphones had been doing when similarly displayed a little earlier; but in the event only the dictating machine turned out to have been of any significance. The

### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Best film in London is *Golden Marie*, or *Casque d'Or* (24/9/52), a period melodrama strengthened and deepened into something like true tragedy.

An average lot of releases includes *Just For You* (10/9/52), an old-style Bing Crosby musical in Technicolor with good set pieces, and the latest version of *Les Misérables* (17/9/52).

RICHARD MALLET



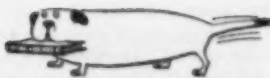
[Sudden Fear]

Myra Hudson—JOAN CRAWFORD





## Booking Office



### Show Business

**The Lyceum.** A. E. Wilson. *Dennis Yates*, 18/-.  
**They Were Singing.** Christopher Pulling. *Harrop*, 18/6  
**Buffalo Bill.** Rupert Croft-Cooke and W. S. Meadmore.  
*Sidgwick and Jackson*, 17/6

IF there were any other business like Show Business, it would go bust in a week. The real trouble is that the customer treats it with a tolerance and readiness to see the best in everything that he would never accord his grocer or the railway or the Post Office. Anyone who has watched a music-hall audience looking for any excuse to laugh at a tenth-rate comedian will recognize that much of the inefficiency of the Show business thrives on the insane goodwill of those for whom it caters.

This uncritical amiability, sentimental, naive and, in the long run, destructive, is linked with a kind of creative nostalgia. Audiences are indulgent to even the most appalling turn because they know that with the efflux of time it will become a precious memory. Every year there are published volumes of theatrical record and reminiscence which consist mainly of reminders—that is to say, of lists of artists and productions. As, to write one of these volumes, all that is required is access to a good collection of programmes, they are popular with authors, and seem to arouse emotions of uncontrollable poignancy in readers. The difference in quality between books about the past of the theatre and books about the past of other national institutions is extraordinary. Even in writing on contemporary themes, dramatic criticism is far kinder than other branches of criticism.

*The Lyceum* will probably be very popular. It is a tired jog-trot through the list of productions and performers associated with the theatre, with an occasional quotation from a *Times* dramatic criticism to give a dreadful semblance of life. Its origins are odd. In the Introduction, Mr. Raymond Mander and Mr. Joe Mitchenson explain that a Mr. Arthur Beales had spent many years doing research on theatrical history. "His work possessed the schoolmaster's approach, and while being full of informative data it lacked the life and personality which is needed to make this type of book good reading for the general public." Apparently, on the death of Mr. Beales, Mr. A. E. Wilson was called in to rewrite and complete the book; his name alone appears on the title page. Possibly some of the information in the earlier sections is new, but the volume as a whole is a blatant appeal to uncritical nostalgia and so far below Mr. Wilson's usual level as to suggest that he was badly hampered by the terms of his assignment.

In *They Were Singing*, Mr. Christopher Pulling has "tried to illustrate the social changes as commented upon in the popular songs of the past hundred years or so." While the historian will look for history and

not find it, the sentimentalist will glow happily as he reads Mr. Pulling's lists of names—at one point, twenty-five in seven lines. Mr. Pulling prints parts of a large number of music-hall lyrics which vary from the neat and witty to the appalling, but all are enfolded in memory's golden glow. What raises *They Were Singing* into a class of its own is the glorious gusto of its incoherence. Information, often irrelevant, pours out, and Mr. Pulling's eagerness to inform and his delight in his stores of odd detail are most engaging. The turns and the songs he praises may not have been as good as he feels they were, but how wonderful to be able to get so excited over them. Of his many *trouvailles* my favourite is the chorus of the first comic song to sell one hundred thousand copies:

*Not for Joe! Not for Joe!*

*Not for Joseph, if he knows it!*

*No, No, No! Not for Joe!*

*Not for Joseph, oh, dear, no!*

In *Buffalo Bill*, Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke and Mr. W. S. Meadmore retell the legends of the frontier clearly and energetically. Most of the space is taken up by Cowboys and Indians, and this part of the book is very well done and enjoyable. Once the authors reach the Wild West Show, nostalgia again erodes description. It is not made clear what Buffalo Bill actually did in the Show or why anybody paid to see him do it. The pictures include a wonderful posed portrait of Annie Oakley surrounded by guns and looking far more murderous than her recent impersonators.

R. G. G. PRICE



"And finally, as regards staff holidays, Hitchen had good weather and bad food, Morgan had bad weather and good food, Mitchell had good weather and good food, and Tomkins had bad weather and bad food."

**The South of France.** Douglas Goldring. Macdonald, 15/-

Though rather more like an orthodox guide-book than some of his earlier essays in topography, *The South of France* yet sounds the personal note to be expected of its author. Mr. Goldring knows Provence and its seaboard intimately, not only as a visitor but as a resident: he is equally at home in the antique cities and the still busy ports, the remote hill villages and the haunts of fashion and opulence. If the last are the least to his liking, and he has little use for their addicts, his urbane tolerance extends even to these; for "in case of doubt," he holds, "it is invariably better to be civil than shocked." Principally, however, he has in consideration the "Nordic visitor of discernment and civilized tastes," and of limited means; to whom his hints on where to eat, drink and sleep will be of practical value, his excursions into history of interest, and his evocative descriptions of scenery and architecture a potent invitation.

V. N.

**If a Man be Mad.** Harold Maine. Gollancz, 15/-

Here is a nightmare study of his own profound insanity by a rugged American writer now recovered, after many years, from innate schizophrenia perpetually renewed by a scouring flame of alcohol addiction. Presented as an autobiography, this heartbreaking personal record loses force when diverted to criticism, however well justified, of mental hospitals where the therapy of the boot is still practised, behind a façade of modernity, by a race of attendants no different from the madhouse keepers denounced by Charles Reade a century ago. Among many brilliant bits of portraiture—a Chinese doctor and a lunatic millionaire, for

instance, as well as both the two unhappy women the writer married—he himself remains obscure and in spite of a strain of almost heroic self-abnegation quite unlikeable. The course of the malady, too terrible for any temperance lecturer to exploit, leads into blackness only occasionally relieved by the fierce erratic clarity of the patient's own diagnosis.

C. C. P.

**Zorba the Greek.** Nikos Kazantzaki; translated by Carl Wildman. Lehmann, 15/-

Thomas Hardy worshipped the "native" and D. H. Lawrence extolled the animal in man as opposed to his civilized attributes; Mr. Nikos Kazantzaki reads like their reincarnation. In *Zorba the Greek* he tells a gay, mad story of two men—one a tired man of letters exhausted by books and lack of feeling, the other his servant Zorba, whom he admires because he is earthy and lewd—going on a journey together to open up a coal mine in Crete. Work is a mere excuse; in fact, Zorba (who in cynical London would be called a cunning old lecher) spends his time in unabashed orgies of drink, "amour," and conversation. For the reader who views this picture wistfully through the bars of the "Welfare State" it looks like paradise, even though Mr. Kazantzaki keeps the moral problems involved firmly in view. Work is essential, so is God, but so is emotion; civilization ruins the man in man, but it is essential. In the end who, or what, wins? In this witty book the answer is clear: the senses are more important than the Mona Lisa or the Acropolis.

B. K.

#### SHORTER NOTES

**The Field of Nonsense.** Elizabeth Sewall. Chatto and Windus, 15/-. Gallant and ingenious attempt to work out a logic of nonsense from the works of Carroll and Lear. Crisply written and enlivened by brilliant use of quotation. Once one has surmounted the initial resistance to accepting an American academic study of childhood favourites, one can enjoy the skill of the detection and the unexpected fun. Unfortunately, the thesis is too elaborate for a fair summary. Stiffish reading but bracing.

**I Live Again.** The Memoirs of Princess Helena of Romania. Gollancz, 16/6. Compassionate, friendly, intelligent and fervently religious, a real princess tells her unique story. Interpreter to the Red Cross at the age of seven, she spent most of her life bringing up her six children and nursing. Her moving narrative is not political; but Romania's tragedy is hers and she saw it from behind the scenes as well as from the footlights.

**The Work of the Modern Potter in England.** George Wingfield Digby. John Murray, 16/-. A handsome guide to the work of British studio potters or "artist-potters"—Bernard Leach, Staite Murray, Dora Billington, Michael Cardew and others. Useful practical advice on throwing, firing and decorating; controversial comment on aesthetic judgment; sixty-four good half-tone plates.

**Outrageous Fortune.** D. L. Murray. Hodder and Stoughton, 15/-. Immensely capable novelette about the Turf in high Edwardian times. Period colour laid on thick and appetising. Good, strong plot. All the clichés of the old popular novel used with *brío* to produce an expert entertainment that never quite gives the medium but is slyly aware of the social forces that made it popular.

**Don Among the Dead Men.** C. E. Vulliamy. Michael Joseph, 10/6. Cheerfully improbable novel about chemist who kills off University colleagues and personal entanglements. Although it is sub-titled "A satirical thriller," it lacks the bite and the certainty of aim of real satire. Plenty of slapdash fun but nothing that could hurt anybody.



Hollywood

"But lots of shortish men have made good, Mr. Denton—look at Richards, Wragg, Elliott, Smith, Donoghue."

## ARE YOU FINGLARIOUS?

"COME here much?" asked Pillman, moving along the bench to make room for me. I was about to say no, that sitting in the park was a rarity with me, but at this time of the year I liked to snatch at the last fleeting remnants of summer—when he leant forward suddenly and said, with obscure satisfaction, "Scringoid!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Study people," he said, "that's what I come for." He wrote something in a small notebook. "That was a man with scringoid hair. Didn't you notice?"

Years ago, when the admission of ignorance was painful, I should have said "By Jove, yes, now you mention it." But I have outgrown that. Now, if anyone refers glibly to a quotation from *Contarini Fleming*, or says, whimsically, "You remember what happened to Thomas of Celano," I just say "What do you mean?"

"What do you mean?" I said.

Pillman gazed with narrowed eyes at the stream of passers-by. "Scringoid," he said. "You know—when the hair appears to have been cut out in one piece from a doormat and fitted to the head like a cap; it usually comes rather far down the nape, ending in a tadpole-shaped curl."

"Ah," I said. "So that's called——"

"Men with scringoid hair," said Pillman, preoccupied, "don't have to do anything to it when they get up in the morning; they just put their hats on and go out."

"I didn't know it was called that."

"I call it that," said Pillman, licking his pencil. "Look. A lollary."

"Lollary?"

"Sh!" He jabbed discreetly with his pencil in the direction of a big man in a floppy grey suit who had just passed. "Lollary hands," he said, writing in his book. "They hang with the palms facing backwards, and undergo a loose, involuntary half-gyration at each step."



I looked at the hands of the man in the floppy grey suit. They were doing it.

"Do you——?" I began.

"When you really study people," said Pillman, "you realize there isn't a single perfect specimen. Of course, it's better watching passengers leaving a crowded train. Catch them off guard more, when they're harassed about tickets and baggage. Characteristics much better emphasized." He sighed. "But you can't hang about too long at the barrier without attracting attention. Unless you're a ticket

collector." He sighed again, pondering on the opportunities afforded to ticket collectors. Then he brightened. "Still, it's not too bad here. There goes another scringoid and two second-degree budgers." He scribbled briefly.

I watched the three American soldiers disappearing in the direction of Park Lane. One was undeniably scringoid, even with his cap on. The others seemed normal.

"Second-degree——?"

Pillman pursed his lips and said, judiciously, "I wouldn't put it any higher. In first-degree cases the hip

pocket describes a very pronounced arc—down, as the leg goes forward; up, as it comes back. That one is just a mild, crescent-shaped movement." He frowned. "All American soldiers brudge to a greater or lesser degree. It's occurred to me that it may just be the cut of the uniform. Would you say that?"

"I haven't really—"

"If so," said Pillman, "I might have to consider deleting 'staculant' as well. You've noticed staculancy, of course, among naval ratings? A rolling, held-in walk, the shoulder lifted with the leg, as if the trunk might otherwise be too near the ground to allow of the limb's clearance. They seem to lose it after commissioning."

He fell into an intense rumination, and was only brought out of it by the appearance of a family party. The parents were both lollaries, and one of the children, as Pillman pointed out, had advanced grool—a sheen about the face and forehead due to an abnormally tight-stretched skin. "Like a side-drum," he said. "Car salesmen are

frequently grooloid—haven't been able to find out why." He made another note. "The mother," he said, without looking up, "is repigital."

"Er—" I said.

"You look."

She was, too.

The breeze was beginning to blow cool by now, and the specimens were thinning out. I got up. "It's been very interesting," I said.

"I'm coming too." He tapped the notebook and tucked it away in an inside pocket. "Quite a decent bag, really."

As we walked along, sunk in thought, I slowly became aware of something about Pillman that I'd never noticed before: he had a

ludicrous trick of flinging his feet out sideways, with a slight waggle, as he walked. It was like a man trying to shake some unwanted object from the toe of his shoe. By the time we had reached the last of the trees I could no longer suppress a reference to it.

"Pillman," I said, "do you realize—?" But I broke off. He was staring with fatuous concentration at my right elbow, and I felt a sudden chill that was not of the evening breeze. "What's up?" I said.

"Nothing," said Pillman. He stopped walking, and reached for his inside pocket. "You go on. I'll catch up in a minute."

J. B. BOOTHROYD

5 5

#### EPICGRIMS

##### Take Heart, Illiterates

For years a secret shame destroyed my peace—  
I'd not read Eliot, Auden or MacNeice.

But now I think a thought that brings me hope:  
Neither had Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



Eric Burgin

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[P 122]



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Scene reconstructed by Ray Cornum

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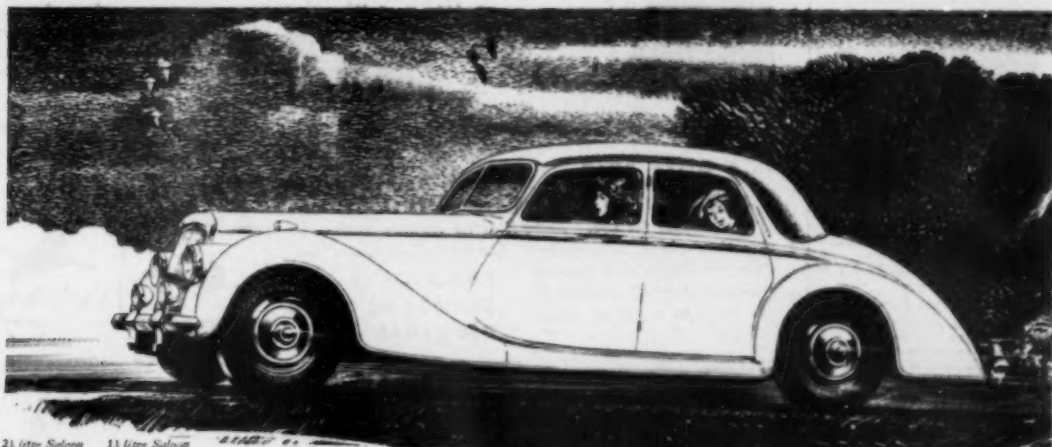
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# Hawkins TECAL

- Makes tea or coffee automatically while you sleep
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- Gives correct time
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Hawkins TECAL is indeed marvellous... provides a daily efficient unfailing service... greatly appreciated by young and old. Tipping hot tea or coffee made perfectly while you sleep—when ready you are awakened—you start each day just right (Price 11 guineas, from the best retailers). Made and guaranteed by the makers of the world famous Hawkins Pressure Cookers.

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TECAL**

*fully  
automatic*



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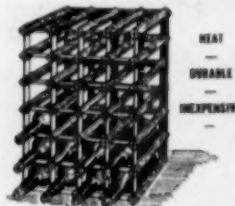
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straight cut  
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**OCT. 22 - NOV. 1 EARLS COURT**

Organized by the Society of Motor Manufacturers & Traders Ltd. Founded 1902

**To correct  
over-acidity  
take ENO'S**

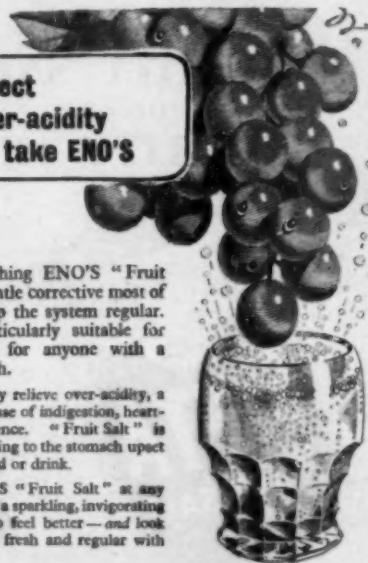
Pleasant, refreshing ENO'S "Fruit Salt" is the gentle corrective most of us need to keep the system regular. ENO'S is particularly suitable for children—and for anyone with a delicate stomach.

ENO'S will safely relieve over-acidity, a most frequent cause of indigestion, heartburn and flatulence. "Fruit Salt" is soothing and settling to the stomach upset by unsuitable food or drink.

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THE GENTLE ANTACID LAXATIVE

2/6d. Regular Size—Family Size (double the quantity) 4/6d.



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THE SOAP WITH A SECRET \*

CIDAL is a high-grade, triple-milled toilet soap, kind to the most delicate skin, with a light, fresh scent approved by men as well as women. But it is different from ordinary soaps. It contains Hexachlorophene. Because of this, CIDAL purifies your skin so that it is as clean as a surgeon's hands before he starts an operation!

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Try CIDAL Soap. You can get it at Boots, Timothy Whites, and many other good chemists. If you cannot obtain CIDAL, write for a free sample, enclosing the name of your nearest chemist.

\* The secret of CIDAL is an odourless, colourless ingredient known as Hexachlorophene which has wonderful germicidal powers.

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PURIFIES THE SKIN  
1/-

for  
your  
Hair

## CIDAL CREAM SHAMPOO

CIDAL Cream Shampoo also contains Hexachlorophene. It promotes a clean healthy scalp and, in conjunction with its superfatted cream, helps to keep the hair soft, gleaming and attractive. CIDAL Shampoo has a rich cleansing lather and is very economical in use. Price 1/6.



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CIMOLIA  
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IT MEANT THE PERFECT  
POWDER FOR NURSERY USE

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IT MEANS...

... a soothing, cooling powder which is perfectly harmless and may be used with safety on the most delicate infant or adult, particularly in cases of chafing or roughness of skin. Recommended for Prickly Heat.

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Here's an easy but important lesson in daily hygiene you can best teach your family by example: it takes only a few seconds to use the Optrex eye bath, and it's time well spent, indeed. Optrex cleanses your eyes of the dirt and dust which they pick up from the air and relieves the strain of close work. Moreover, it will give you safe and speedy relief from any minor eye afflictions which are not sufficiently serious to take to your doctor. For your sight's sake, your most precious possession, use Optrex as part of your regular toilet routine, and keep your eyes healthy and young.



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The  
**QUALITY SALT**  
in the  
**QUALITY TIN**



*Jolly Good Salt*

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## Funny things, fish...

Yes dear...  
You haven't had a bite all day.

No dear...  
Perhaps they aren't hungry.

No dear... Eh? Yes I am rather!  
Wake up George! Have a sandwich.

Thanks, don't mind if I do...  
I say! These are first rate!

Tomato, cheese and... what else?

Marmite. Marvellous stuff.  
Made from yeast. Good for you too. Contains the B vitamins. Have another?

Rather!... Sh... Half a second!  
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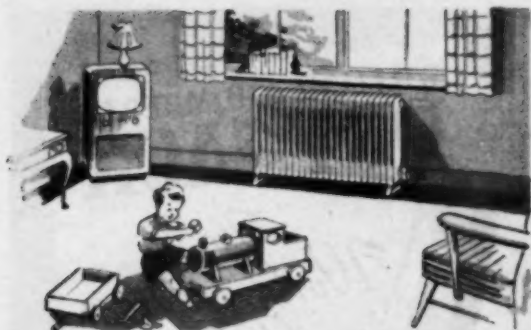
No, false alarm.  
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Over 50 different kinds of sandwiches taste better with Marmite—the concentrated extract of yeast flavoured with vegetables and spices. Tastes good all ways—does you good anyway.



## Marmite

1 oz. 9d. 2 oz. 14. 4 oz. 24. 8 oz. 4s. 16 oz. 7s.



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Spread that pat of golden butter, spread it (as lavishly as you dare) over a piece of crunchy Ryvita, and Ah! there's good natural foods for you. Two foods as natural as cheese, eggs, honey. Packed with goodness. Packed with essential vitamins.

Ryvita is a perfect natural food. For Ryvita is rye. Pure wholemeal rye that's filled with energy. That keeps you on your toes, brimful with health, all the day long. Eat as much of these natural foods as you can. Eat Ryvita for GO!



By Appointment  
Ryvita Manufacturers to  
the late King George VI  
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### can pay for itself

... with the **ELECTRICITY** it saves!

Replace your old cooker with a new and improved Jackson. It's the oven, specially designed for low current consumption, that makes it so economical to use. For instance, you can cook a delicious two course dinner for eight people in the oven using only 2½ units of electricity.

Your Electricity Suppliers confirm that Power Stations burn Lowest Grade Coal. By cooking on a new Jackson Cooker you save the best Coal for Export, Industry and the Home, and you also save yourself money.

See the latest Jackson Cookers at your local showroom, and ask for our Silver Recipe Folder. Attractive Hire Purchase Terms are available in most districts.

## Jackson



Jackson Cookers are free from Purchase Tax  
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# "Don't play peekaboo with me, Sir..."



You've got a black eye, and you know it. Get a piece of raw beefsteak.

If I can, Sir William.

And get yourself a decent suit — I'm sick of that primeval rat-catcher. Better get a Maenson.

Maenson, Sir?

Must I repeat myself? Maenson. Suit with a healthy expectation of life. Good cloth, properly cut, tailored by men with some pride in their job.

Well Sir, I'm a bit on the hefty side . . .

I'm no lamp post myself, but I still find Maensons\* to fit. Have done since I was a whipper-snapper of a Wing Three. And Morgan, I was on the touchline on Saturday. Saw you go down to that forward rush. Nice work!

## Maenson

...the fitting choice

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## Did you know

a riderless horse can win a race?



### The toughest race on earth

These races are probably the toughest in the world. Run since 1680 for the possession of a sacred banner called the Fallo, they cause bitter rivalry between the various districts who enter riders. Assaults, doping and the bribery of grooms and jockeys are a normal occurrence. Races are drawn and men may die on Fallo day. The course usually takes only 1 minute, 16 seconds. The barebacked jockeys circle the plane three times, using their whips as deadly weapons, viciously laying into all the other riders and horses within range. It is unusual for more than three

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Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd. (Footwear Div.)  
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fire that heats the water  
that warms the room that  
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from 16/6 to 7/6 a pair



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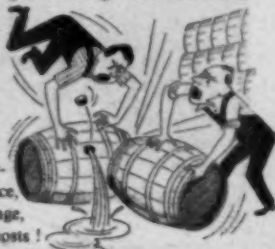


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Then see the difference; more work space, less fatigue, less damage, bigger output, lower costs!

WHAT'S YOUR LIFTING-AND-SHIFTING PROBLEM? Handling casks of liquid was a slow and cumbersome business in a famous cosmetic works, until the My-Te-Min arrived. Result—quicker, safer, cheaper lifting. This latest electric pulley block works like a trojan for the cost of a little electric current. Various models handle from 400 to 3,600 lbs. Prices from £69. Hook or trolley suspension. Every factory has a job for a My-Te-Min; what's yours?

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have the problem  
of seating a lot of  
people and then have to  
**CLEAR OUT**  
the hall for another purpose



Pel Nesting Furniture  
will provide a quick  
answer. It will  
stack away neatly  
in next to no time.

## PEL CHAIRS TABLES NEST

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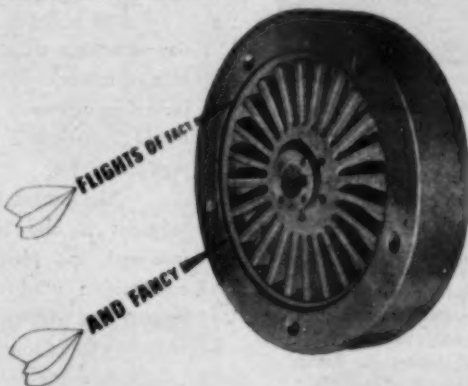


a full  
strength  
Light-  
bodied  
**RUM**  
of  
gentle  
flavour

★ DRY  
LIGHT  
AGED ★

IDEAL FOR RUM COCKTAILS

**SIEGERT'S  
BOUQUET**



Not by any stretch of imagination would Tufnol make a good dart-board, yet our illustration, which is part of a chemical pump, serves a double purpose. It proves two points—the accuracy and intricacy possible in machining Tufnol and its resistance to corrosion.

But Tufnol combines many other qualities ideally sought after in metals and hardwoods but seldom realized in either. It is only half the weight of aluminium yet structurally strong enough to work sympathetically with steel; it is an excellent electrical insulator, yet it will not splinter or crack under impact. Neither exposure to corrosive atmospheres nor extremes of climatic conditions have any appreciable effect on its composition or finish. Given ordinary workshop facilities, any component can be easily produced from standard Tufnol sheets, tubes, rods, angles, or channels. Specially moulded blocks or finished parts can also be supplied to your exact specification. Can you afford to make-do without Tufnol when others are making progress with it?

### CHALK THIS UP TO TUFNOL

You are welcome to apply for literature containing useful data, particular uses, and in fact everything known about Tufnol. But what may be more important to you is our enthusiasm to co-operate in any technical development incorporating its use in new ways. Why not outline your requirements in a letter—and send it TODAY.



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3/6 each

Actual length of  
cigar 4 1/2 inches—  
17/6 per carton  
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## Iron two feet down



*Photo by Canadian National Film Board*

**T**HEY FOUND IRON 2 feet below the surface when they tested a new type of drill in the Ugava district of Northern Canada; they had hit on one of the richest deposits in an iron-field covering about 5,000 square miles.

The discovery of this vast iron-rich region means that for decades to come Canada can supply the raw material of steel for Europe and the United Kingdom; and it assures the future of the great American steel mills.

Canadians have only begun to tap their country's great wealth in oil, aluminium, uranium, titanium and other precious materials. In that friendly and profitable Canadian market there is a share waiting for British business. Canada is easily reached nowadays—TCA Skyliners leave daily from London for Montreal, connecting with every important Canadian and U.S. city. The present tourist fare is the lowest ever for a trans-Atlantic flight.

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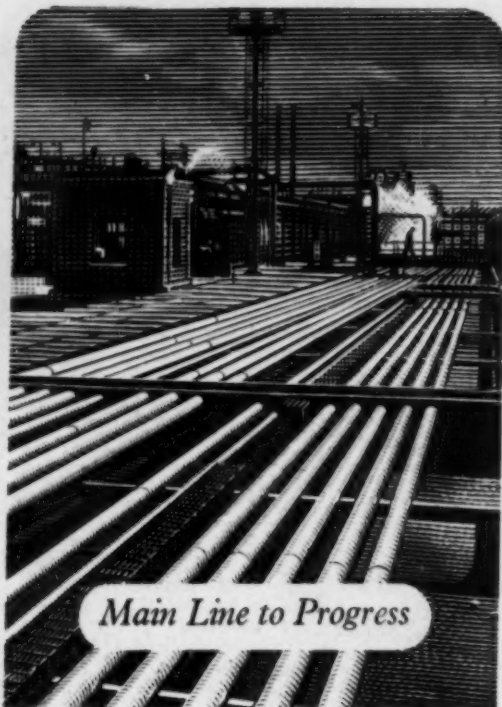


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## Main Line to Progress

**T**HE traffic on these lines is non-stop, night and day—for these are oil lines in one of the four Anglo-Iranian refineries in the United Kingdom. By 1953, these four refineries will be producing at the rate of some eleven and a half million tons of petroleum products a year.

The output from the group's eight overseas refineries is also being steadily and considerably increased, and plans are now progressing for the construction at Fremantle, Western Australia, of another new refinery, with a projected annual capacity of three million tons.

For new sources of this vital mineral Anglo-Iranian is prospecting in this country itself, and in such varied regions as Nigeria, Sicily and Papua.

THE BP SHELL IS THE SYMBOL OF



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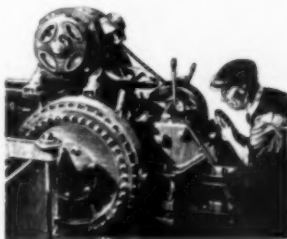
**Anglo-Iranian Oil Company**  
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## Musicians all!



On the authority of Sir Thomas Browne, engineers are also musicians. "Wherever there is order and proportion, there is music" he wrote . . . and who will dispute the fact that order and proportion are the keynotes of all engineers who do their job with integrity and skill?

One of the facing machines for ending stanchions at Banister, Walton's works at Trafford Park, Manchester.



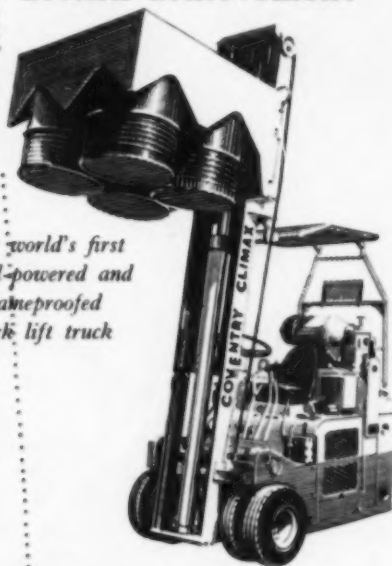
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